

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks

JUNE 1942

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Sheridan

"KEEP 'EM HAPPY"

Here are three projects to
"Keep 'Em Happy" as reported
by the Elks War Commission



"KEEP 'EM ROLLIN'"

Happy? Just look at those smiling faces as the first "G" Box—loaded with smokes and "goodies"—arrives at Lawson General U. S. Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia. Telegrams and letters ordering additional boxes, all to be sent to Elks in the service, point to the success of this new plan to "Keep 'Em Happy". Here's a way every member can do his bit every time he drops in at the lodge. Keep 'em rollin'!

VARIETY, enterprise and logic mark the "Good Cheer" activities of subordinate lodges throughout the length and breadth of the land. Doing things to "Keep 'Em Happy" goes hand in hand with "Keeping 'Em Flying" and exemplifies one of the cardinal principles of Elksdom—"Good Fellowship". The "G" Box program instituted by Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland—now familiar to all Elks and thousands of uniformed Brothers and their buddies in camp—is a far-reaching success. The other two photos, selected from many, point to the diversity of programs and the initiative of lodges in promoting the welfare of our armed forces.

With thousands of "G" Boxes spreading good cheer, lodges everywhere parading the traditional hospitality of the Order and with "WELCOME" the word on every tongue, who can question the fact that thoughtfulness—yes, charity in its broadest sense—can help win the war?

The War Commission welcomes letters which tell the story of our half-million members' every-day activities in the unlimited field which may be called "Keep 'Em Happy". Send 'em in—that they may be passed on to other lodges for their potential use. Let's "Keep 'Em Happy!" in every way we can.



"KEEP 'EM COMFORTABLE"

Real enterprise and ingenuity at Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37! Fred Hertel is the daddy of the plan to make carpet slippers for hospitalized soldiers. Already 8000 pairs have been made from scrap carpet—ready, oil cloth and other waste material, and sent to Army camps where they'll find ready use by our boys temporarily out of action. Columbus Lodge collects the required materials, turns them over to the state penitentiary and the finished product is the work of the prisoners who thus find a way to do their bit.



"KEEP 'EM GRINNIN'"

Lots of soldiers, American and British sailors and marines around busy Norwich, Connecticut—all looking for off-duty hours of fun. "Let's open the lodge to 'em," said Norwich Elk leaders. Here's the lodge lighted and decorated the night the entertainment program is inaugurated. The whole town's behind it—local ladies serving as hostesses from five to eleven every evening—and more than 3500 uniformed men have partaken of this grand hospitality. Incidentally, Norwich Lodge members have bought more than \$200,000 worth of War Savings Bonds.

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



Photo by Jay Florian Mitchell from Lewis

Hello, Americans!

With the Grand Lodge Convention in Omaha, Nebraska, little more than a month away, I wish to emphasize in my next-to-final message to you as Grand Exalted Ruler the necessity of every subordinate lodge's being represented at this crucial gathering of Elks.

In the past, the appeal for full attendance at Grand Lodge Sessions has been based on the wonderful entertainment to be had, the joys of fraternal association with Elks from all parts of the country, and the general pleasurable and inspirational benefits of such Conventions.

The necessity for 100 percent attendance at Omaha in July is greater than ever before; but the appeal is vastly different. Before this year is out we will have 100,000 Elks under arms fighting for the survival of democratic living, and it is our duty as members of a great, encompassing Brotherhood to meet and counsel with each other over matters of the deadliest moment. At Omaha a program must be arrived at that will have a direct bearing on the future history of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and it is necessary that an inspired attendance be present to ponder and chart these policies.

Section 128-A of the Statutes makes it the duty of the lodge representative, the Exalted Ruler or his alternate, to attend each Grand Lodge session.

The Order of Elks already is deeply involved in war work, and, as the tempo of the conflict increases, it must do more and more. As new ventures are undertaken, the successful prosecution of our program demands that all Brothers give their unstinted cooperation.

I have in mind such timely and helpful enterprises as the War Commission's offer to utilize the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, for sheltering and housing for the duration the children of Elks residing in territorial possessions of the United States; the "Write 'Em a Letter" campaign to keep before our men in the service fresh news from home at all times; the "G" box project for supplying Brother Elks under arms those thoughtful necessities and luxuries that add to the joy of living; the extension of lodge hospitality to our Elk soldiers by means of a simplified postal card plan whereby Elks away from home may know where the nearest lodges are and the lodges may know where the Elks are—and other such important services as may develop.

Right now there is no opportunity for the Benevolent

and Protective Order of Elks to embark on large enterprises such as were undertaken during the last war, and until such occasions arrive, I am impressed with the value of doing the thoughtful things well within our reach which mean so much to the recipients.

We must ever be on the alert to discover new means of giving what comfort and pleasure we can to Brother Elks in the service, for they have every right to expect we mean what we say in extolling the fraternal virtues of our Order. We do mean it and we will do everything in our power to stand by the men who are standing up for us.

All of us must cooperate in these various enterprises because the more we pull together, the more everybody benefits. The more you give to your Brothers under arms the easier will be their task; and your satisfaction will increase in direct proportion to the amount of service you and your lodge have rendered.

Also of great importance this month is the observance of Flag Day on June 14th, at which time all subordinate lodges are under direct obligation to celebrate the occasion fittingly. I have no doubt that the observances this year will be the occasion for a great outpouring of patriotic fervor and the re-dedication of every Elk to those abiding principles of Americanism on which our Order was founded.

These are matters that vitally concern all members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at this time, and I feel confident that our membership will respond with spirit and full fraternal fidelity to every call.

Against our will, we are at war; and, under the deep conviction that our cause is just, we shall prevail no matter how dark the way may become or how perilous the path, and through it all the light of our Brotherhood shall be as a beacon and our unswerving patriotism a constant inspiration.

With fraternal greetings to all.

John B. O'Connell
GRAND EXALTED RULER



THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

TRIAL by Fire", a timely tale for these tempestuous times, is about a foreign correspondent and his fight against a fear which he carried deep within himself. It is the work of Roderick Lull whose fiction we have published a number of times in the past. We are always anxious to give you another of his understanding portraits.

So often these days we hear, "You can't plan for the future; you can't tell what is going to happen these days." Well, "See a Silver Lining" by Philip Harkins is the antidote for anyone shadowed by dark clouds. The author gathered material from industrialists, chemists and engineers for his picture of the world to come. It will be a life of prefabrication, plastics and a plentitude of new and wonderful products. Why, in this new world you will be able to knock down your house in the morning, ship it to a new neighborhood in the afternoon and move in that evening. And if you don't like your new neighbors, well, put up with them for one night and move on the next day—and not by trailer, either.

"We Give Up!" is the reaction of an American to rationing. The author, until recently, was the president of a successful business and the head of a typical American household. Today he is an officer in the U. S. Army Air Corps on active duty. Where? We don't know, but we do know that he had every right to sign this article "by An American". His attitude and the optimistic picture of the future contained in "See a Silver Lining" will increase your pride in the "most inventingest people in the world".

"A Man About a Dog" is by D. D. Beauchamp who comes from the great open spaces that form the background for many of his best stories. "Bud" says that he can shoot from any window of his house without fear of hitting anything but some unfortunate bird that didn't have sense enough to get out of the way. Where we live you can't light a cigarette without burning someone. He was in town recently but it wasn't long before he got homesick and left us to our marvelous milling mobs.

We feel sure that you will want to be in Omaha in July to participate in the Grand Lodge Convention program which is listed on page 24.

The Elks War Commission, which is sponsoring so many worthwhile activities to "Keep 'Em Happy", has an illustrated report of three projects which are doing much to bring smiles to the boys in camp. You will find them opposite page one.

Stanley Frank, Ray Trullinger, Ed Faust and Harry Hansen are with us again to keep you posted on everything from baseball to books.

F. R. A.

Are YOU the thoughtful type?



The Deep-set Eyes of a Careful Thinker...the pupils large—the gaze reflective...eyes of the thoughtful type who weighs values shrewdly—sure to bear in mind that "double-rich" Cream of Kentucky is made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers—sure to buy accordingly.

Then you'll decide that

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is the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbons



If you're the thoughtful type, who considers carefully before buying, your own good sense will single out Cream of Kentucky. Say "make mine Cream" and enjoy the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey.

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HE WAS coming out of it now, he knew dimly. He was coming back from darkness into light, but it was a slow and arduous journey. He felt very still and remote, and knew it was his own body that he felt, yet in some curious way it was like another person's body. There was a dream-like quality about it. Once he had dreamed a great deal and it had been this way. Everything had been at once real and unreal and sometimes he had awakened with a cry, trembling and frightened, remembering the darkness.

There was a voice, and he tried to hear what it said. The words were there, steady and tantalizing, but he couldn't quite make them out. Once there was a word that he thought was his name, but the words that followed quickly jumbled and were lost. Then the voice went away and he was alone again, coming painfully, infinitely slowly, back out of the darkness.

He turned a little and it was difficult to move. He thought he felt pain but he couldn't be sure of that either. His mind, he knew suddenly, wanted to think, and there was nothing he could do to prevent it. His mind was oddly remote from himself, an almost independent entity, with its own will and being. He thought, "I have two minds, and the one I have no control over is dominant. It's a fantastic thing . . . I wonder where the devil I am."

Then he no longer wondered or cared. His mind was going back into the past, and he knew where it was going. He struggled, but the struggle was wasted. He tried to lift his hands as if to shield his eyes, but they did not obey him.

IT WAS the time the house burned. He was ten and he lived with his family a long way from town. Their only fire protection was an ancient extinguisher in the basement, and, oddly, his father had spoken of the hazard that very afternoon.

"These boards are so dry they'd practically explode. I want all of you to be careful with the fireplaces. Put your screens up when you go to bed and be sure they're tight. You remember what happened to Rasmusson."

Rasmusson had died in his burning house.

He said, "Yes," dutifully, and thought no more about it. It was a fine day, his work was done and he had time to play with the puppy. He'd had the puppy only a few weeks; it was a fine cocker, and he planned to make it the best duck dog in the county. He and the cocker went out into the fields and practiced retrieving until dark. The cocker was coming along splendidly.

He went back to the house feeling an immense pride in the dog and a deep, growing affection. The cocker's body trembled with ecstasy at his

It was then that he had remembered the dog. He had looked about and called.

TRIAL *by* FIRE

By Roderick Lull

**A story about fear—
About fear of fear and a
man's battle with himself.**



touch; the cocker's eyes followed him with trust and admiration. He fed the dog and, after he had eaten his own dinner, took him up to his room. That was a major point gained; his mother had at length consented, so long as the dog slept on a folded rug in the corner of the room and not on the bed.

The last thing he did before putting out the light was to kneel in the corner and say good night to the dog. He let the dog lick his hand and said aloud, "I'll bet you'd do anything for me." Then he added softly, "And I'd do anything for you, too." He thought the dog understood. He looked as if he did.

He awoke to the crackle of fire and the smell of smoke. It was pitch black night outside the windows, but under the crack of the door was flickering light. Then he heard his mother's scream and his father's voice yelling, high-pitched, "Roger—the house is on fire! Where are you, Roger?"

He was running then, and opening the door and rushing into the hall. The crackling was loud and terrifying here, and the smoke made him cough. One end of the lower story was a mass of flame. But the stairs were clear and the three of them rushed outside to safety.

It was then that he remembered the dog. He looked about and called, and knew all the time that the dog was still upstairs. Fire terrified animals into a sort of paralysis. The dog would be crouching in the corner on the old folded rug, trembling. He ran to the porch and felt the heat of the fire and saw that one side of the stairway was burning fast. Yet there was a chance. There might be time. It would take only a few seconds. . . .

Terror took him. The licking flames were hands that reached for him, the smoke was a blanket there to seize and smother him. He was still standing near the doorway, shaking, when the staircase collapsed.

He walked slowly back toward the group of neighbors gathered inside the gate, watching the burning house, powerless to help. His father grabbed his arm. His mother kissed him hysterically. "Where in God's name were you?" his father said. "We've been looking for you."

"Bill's dead," he said slowly. "He was upstairs."

"Oh—I'm sorry, Rog. But it couldn't be helped."

"There was time. After I remembered him. I could have gone up and got him and come down. It was two minutes before the stairs caved in."

"It'd have been insanity!" his father said. "You couldn't tell how long those stairs would last. You might have got panicky. I'm glad you had enough judgment not to—"

"It wasn't that," he said. "I was scared." He saw his father looking at him with strange eyes and he turned and walked away, to get away from the eyes. It was a long time before he came back. When he did, he didn't look at anyone.

In the ashes of the fire he found the twisted ring from the cocker's

Illustrated By W. EMERTON HEITLAND



W. EMERTON HEITLAND

collar. He kept it in a little box hidden behind stacks of magazines in the basement of the new house. Sometimes something would make him go to the box and take the ring out and look at it. He didn't want to look at it. He tried with all his will not to. But he would stand there with the ring in his hand, looking at it, hating himself.

One day he hurried out of the basement with the ring, not quite knowing what he was doing, and threw it as far as he could, into thick brush. Then, suddenly, he began to cry. He cried until there were no more tears.

But the loss of the ring made it worse. The memory of what had happened to the dog came back oftener, more vividly. He spent many hours searching the brush for the ring, but he was never able to find it. That was the period when he dreamed the most. The dreams were of terror and darkness. Awakening, he would lie still and exhausted, conscious of his abysmal cowardice.

THE voice had returned and he could make out some of the words quite clearly. It was a low, professional-sounding voice saying, "Mr. Baker, are you awake, Mr. Baker?"

He thought that if he made the effort he might be able to answer. He lay still, wondering what to do. His strange, disembodied mind made the decision for him. This mind wasn't through with him yet. It was active, moving, nervous. It was a mind of irresistible purpose and re-

solve. It held him prisoner, powerless to escape.

He moved his right arm and the sense of pain was sharp now. So he lay still again and wondered idly about the cause of the pain. Then he stopped thinking of that. It was a minor matter.

The voice, closer, clearer, said, "Are you awake, Mr. Baker?" It did not speak to him again. It left him alone with the mind.

IT WAS a small ship, an old ship, and it would obviously prove a smelly, uncomfortable ship. But, Roger Baker thought, any ship at all looked like an opium eater's dream when it was going to take you away from Europe and back to America. Even to sleep with five others in a cabin barely adequate for two—they had managed to squeeze in a child's size cot to go along with the pair of double-decker bunks—would seem Elysium. He spent his first hour on board washing and shaving—the water was almost warm enough. He spent the next two hours writing a dispatch to his paper that would in all probability have to wait for publication until he reached New York, if they ever reached it—an officer had only laughed shortly when he had asked about the radio. He spent the third hour having a few drinks alone out of what he had reason to believe had been the last unattached bottle of American whiskey in Lisbon.

When he reached the deck he

He stood very still and forced himself to look about the deck. She wasn't there.





heard a roar of motors overhead and inadvertently moved toward cover. But it was only the clipper, westward bound. He watched her until she was a dot in the sky, and damned the fates that had denied him passage. Even correspondents for major newspapers ran a bad second to the hordes of traveling diplomats and agents for this-and-that when it came to getting accommodations. He was, he had been told firmly, damned lucky to get passage on this ship; there were thousands who'd pay a handsome premium for his place.

He looked back at the shoreline, slowly fading into distance. It was early evening and the city lights were beginning to twinkle out of the dusk. He thought idly of the madhouse that was Lisbon, then forgot it. He had spent five days there and it had been more than enough for a lifetime.

He had spent eight months in

Europe and that had been enough for a lifetime too. Back home he would probably get himself some cushy berth in South America. Where it was quiet and life was lazy. Where there was no war and no danger. Where nothing would stir the dormant monster in his mind as had these months in Europe. The monster that would not let him huddle safely in a bomb shelter, those London nights, but drove him relentlessly to flat, high roof-tops, his face stiff under a metal helmet, turned toward fire. . . . It was as if the deafening cacophony of the explosions were not a part of it at all, but another act in another play on the other side of a wall. He watched the fires.

His paper praised his work, and praised his bravery. The chances he took. What did they think he was being brave about? What would they think if they knew he was only putting on an act for an audience of one: himself? He had stood stiffly on high roof-tops in a metal helmet, sweating, grimly conscious of his bravery. What had the American girl at Bill Stearns' that night said to him? The special-article women's magazine writer, the tall one with the dark, level eyes, who kept recurring to disturb his thoughts, even now. Ann Carpenter. She had looked at him intently and said, "Haven't you any sense?" He grinned wryly and thought that she had come close to it. Very close.

For a moment he watched the strange foreign flag at the stern fluttering wildly in the gathering wind. The old tub would leak and wallow, and most of the passengers would be sick, he thought, and this would go on for God knew how long. Probably there wouldn't be a soul on board he'd want to talk with, and there wasn't anything to read. He shook himself, opened the door to the saloon and stepped inside.

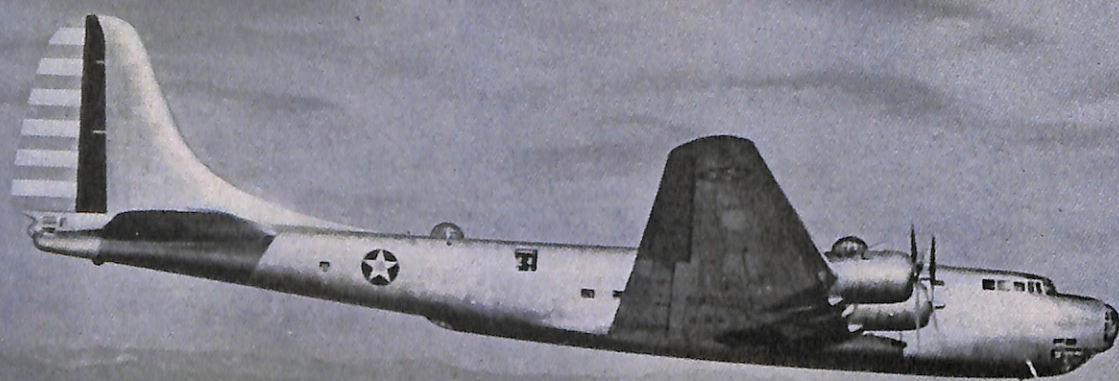
The close air struck him like a fist; the place was too warm and incredibly crowded. Most of the men and many of the women were smoking and the ports were all closed, painted black. He looked about, mentally classifying the passengers; the minor businessmen and second-string diplomats who weren't important enough to get clipper reservations; two newspapermen like himself with whom he had a slight acquaintance; the haggard ones who were refugees of one kind or another; a handful of aloof, impassive ones whom he could not pigeonhole. He was reaching for his cigarettes when a cool voice said, "Good evening, Mr. Baker."


He swung about and made an automatic smile. She was looking at him with the same level eyes, a tall, brown-haired girl whom no one would call beautiful and anyone would call handsome. He felt awkward and said, "Good evening."

She was smiling now, with poise and humor. "Ann Carpenter. I met you at Bill Stearns' one night in London."

"I remember. But I'd thought of
(Continued on page 42)

SEE A SILVER LINING—





War clouds do have a bright side. It is the light cast
on the shape of things to come, the great strides
taken by industry toward a better world.

By Philip Harkins

YOU have probably met Mr. Gloom. He looks at the papers, listens to the radio and whines, "It's terrible, it's gettin' worse, and when it's all over, we'll be walkin' around in barrels." Applesauce! Mr. Gloom is so completely immersed in self-pity that even if he saw a silver lining he would deny its existence. It's there nevertheless, for out of the energy and ingenuity engendered by our tremendous war effort will come things that will improve everyone's lot in the post-war world. Even in 1942, some of these things have already begun to take shape.

Mr. Gloom—and, incidentally, he is doing his country a great disservice with his moaning and groaning—forgets that the Yankee is a resourceful, ingenious fellow. Early in 1939 and even later, many resourceful, ingenious fellows were given the royal run-around. For it was a time of sluggish, self-satisfied peace. "Relax," they would be told, "we're doing well enough. In fact we're very much pleased with ourselves."

Well, you know what happened. The storm came up fast. Many people knew it was coming and said as much, and yet a lot of windows were left open. But suddenly resourceful and ingenious men found themselves very much in demand as the war gobbled up reserve stocks of war materials and manufacturers found themselves faced with shortages. The demands of modern war were beginning to stretch man's elastic ingenuity, not fully used in times of peace. Man found himself doing things under stress that he wouldn't believe possible in normal times. That is why the cloud of war has a silver lining.

Behind that silver lining is scientific research. In normal times, the Government and private companies spend millions on test tube tricks. In time of war these millions are multiplied. Last year this country spent \$275,000,000 on industrial research. This was a 25% jump over 1940's figures and it's safe to say that 1942 will boost these already huge allowances by another 25%. Synthetics and substitutes are here and have performed so well that, in many instances, they are here to stay. In this country of magnificent scientific achievements, "ersatz" will not necessarily be an ugly word.

It is hard for the layman to see

how these things will benefit him; they may seem very remote. As a matter of fact, they get down to the level of public benefit with surprising speed. Here's how it works out:

Two new elements are discovered—Let's say they're as different as magnesium—lightest of all metals which goes into electric bulb filaments—and vitamin B1 which builds up battered nerves. "Lab" workers pounce on them, jiggle them in test tubes, subject them to a chemical bombardment. The perfected product goes into production. Its success calls for expansion. As it expands to meet new consumer demands, it becomes cheaper to produce and its price drops. Meanwhile, further research uncovers faster, more economical methods of manufacture. In 1918, the price of magnesium was \$1.80 a pound. Research—which produced great plants that can extract this metal from sea water—has brought the price down to twenty cents a pound which means cheap light bulbs for everyone and more of this precious metal for airplanes. The cost of the original gram of vitamin B1 was \$300,000; you can now buy 100 pills of it at the drugstore for \$1.25. Successful if costly "lab" experiments are soon converted to inexpensive public benefits.

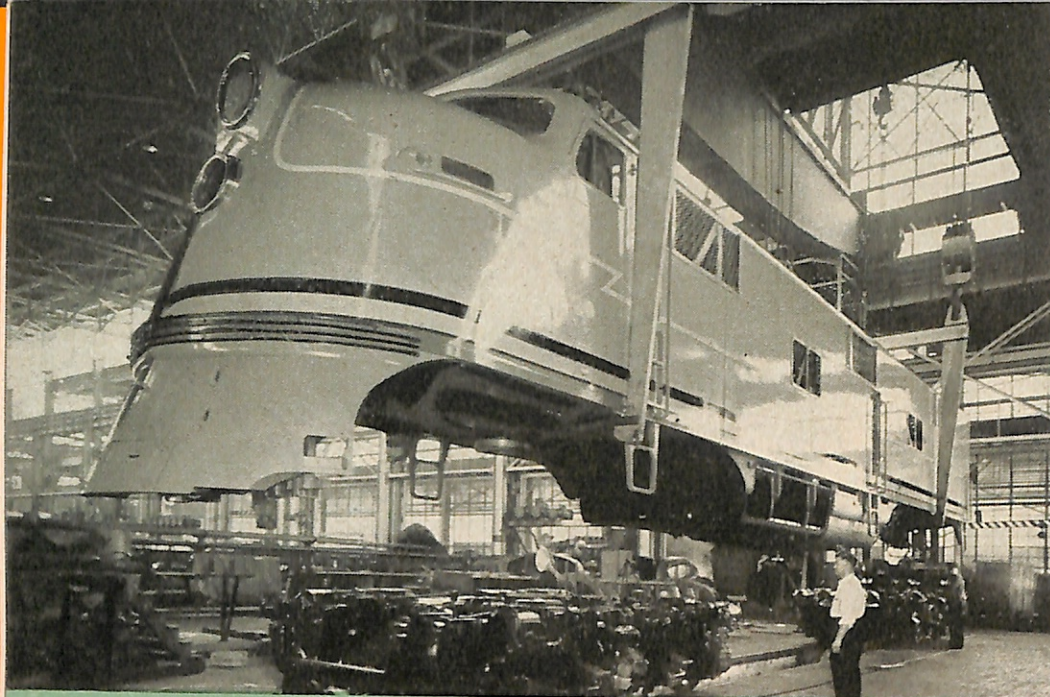
This little overture over with, up with the curtain.

The lifeblood of mechanized warfare is gasoline. Gasoline offers a graphic illustration of peacetime benefits from war research. Knowing full well the importance of air power, our gasoline people were determined to develop a super-fuel that would give American aviators a great advantage over the Axis airmen. By brilliant chemical steps they moved up octane by octane, until they hit the 100-octane notch. A few years ago a gallon sample of this super-fuel cost \$30—when ordinary gas was selling for 18 cents a gallon. The Government is now getting it in tank cars and production is hoped to move up soon to 5,000,000 gallons a day. With 100-octane gas, the United Nations pilot can fly higher, get off the ground 20% faster, climb 40% faster and carry more bombs because of his reduced fuel load, than any Jap, Italian or German airman.

This 100-octane gas is no longer the peak but in the post-war world it is highly conceivable that this super-

Photos from Press Association

The world's largest plane, the Douglas B-19, is the type
of aircraft which will carry freight in the future.



A unit of a 4,000-horsepower Diesel locomotive which will release five steam locomotives for war transportation.



Final test of an Allison liquid-cooled engine after tens of thousands of inspections.

A prefabricated demountable house which can be taken down, moved and erected again in less than a day.



fuel will be available for automobiles. With engines prepared to use it, the car of tomorrow will get away faster, have much greater climbing power and at, say 40 miles per hour, will consume 40% less gas than the car of today.

This gas with the higher octane rating will also be cheaper because of the attack by research men of the Atlantic Refining Co. on an objectionable sulphur element in gasoline called mercaptans. Mercaptans are also found in the skunk's gas tank but the auto industry has made them fairly acceptable by sweetening them up with other chemicals. However, when tetra-lead began to be used, research men found that the mercaptans neutralized its effectiveness. Mercaptans were thereby slated for extinction and Atlantic Refining researchers plotted their assassination. This was finally carried out with a triple-threat made of water, caustic soda and methanol. To put it non-technically, the gasoline is filtered through this soda-methanol solution which conserves the prized ethyl fluid and knocks out the malodorous mercaptans. Thus substantial savings of tetra-lead are made. This gives the Air Corps today, and the customer at the filling station tomorrow, not only cheaper but better gas.

With an abundance of cheaper and more potent gas in the post-war world, car makers will be able to mass-produce autos with high compression engines that will give better performances at cheaper cost. The super roads of the future, laid out to carry the cars with the super gas, may be built along the lines of the marvelous Pennsylvania Turnpike and John Citizen's inexpensive speed may well be 100 miles an hour!

But a school of extremists theorizes that this war will put the automobile in a museum, as the last war callously interred the hoss and buggy. That this is no mere flight of fancy is demonstrated by the phenomenal growth of aviation in a war that will be decided by air power.

By this time everyone must know what that awkward euphemism "priority" means. It means that most manufacturers are out of luck unless they're making war stuff—planes, tanks and other delightful trinkets. But here's what Yankee ingenuity can do when it's cornered by "priorities": A few months ago the same engineers who are now busy mass-producing airplanes, were trying to get an ersatz car together with what the OPM left them. They found themselves faced with the prospect of drab auto interiors because zinc had been beatified by the OPM. They couldn't get any more zinc for the die castings (lumps of molten metal moulded by dies) which formed the base for all the little gadgets in car interiors. Searching for a substitute they came upon silvery lead antimony. After many "lab" experiments they discovered that this could be plated with cadmium, given a thin coating of nickel and made to look

like the real thing. What's more, it was cheaper, although not quite as hard as the zinc die castings. But hardness will not matter when this new, cheaper product takes the place of other zinc castings formerly used in lighting fixtures and furniture decorations.

Consider the effect of war's demands on aviation. About ten years ago I took a short hop in a commercial plane—New York to Boston. We flew at a cruising (or snoozing) speed of 110 miles per hour. Today that same plane (or perhaps its grandson) flies up to Boston at 185 miles an hour—an increase, to be sure, but nothing that would loosen an aileron. Now, just a few years ago, dare-devil fliers strapped on crash helmets and roared around pylons at 275 miles per hour as the crowd gasped. If you flew that fast you could win a National Air Race as recently as 1939.

Then, Shickelgruber began his shenanigans. Almost overnight, cables from Europe began to describe Spitfires and Messerschmitts blazing across the sky at 400 miles an hour! If you were in a pursuit ship you had to go that fast or get your tail shot off.

A speed of 400 miles an hour in aviation today means that it is entirely possible tomorrow that commercial planes will fly from New York to San Francisco in seven hours. Seven hours! This means that taking advantage of time changes, a business man could step in a plane in New York at nine A.M. and enter a San Francisco office at a few minutes after one P.M. What he does when he gets there is none of my business.

Today, plane designers must plan great airships that will carry huge bombing loads. Tomorrow, what they learn from these huge planes and their loads will be applicable to freight planes. Then a manufacturer in Minneapolis will be able to send his wares to market say, in Atlanta in hours instead of days. Quick deliveries by freight planes of the air will mean better service to the consumer and eventually a cheaper product, for time saved in business is money saved.

An axiom among engine developers is, "The pursuit plane engine of today is the bomber engine of tomorrow and the commercial aircraft engine of the day after tomorrow."

Consider the Allison engine: This engine is liquid-cooled in contrast to the radial, air-cooled engines that have to use five to ten percent of their own fuel to forestall overheating. Improved liquid-engines will be especially adaptable to the frequent stops and unhurried cruising speed common to commercial airline traffic.

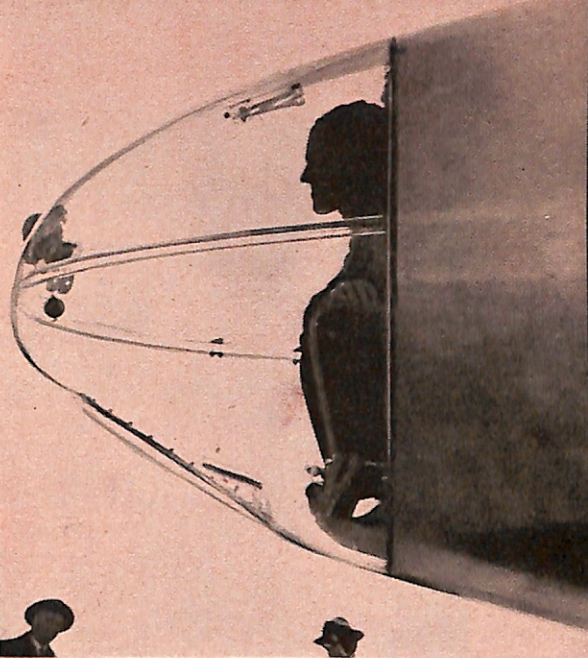
It is right about here that the liquid engine protagonists take off in a fantastic Wellsian flight not to, but from Mars: The great General Motors plant now has an Allison model known as the V-3420 which is simply the V-1710 multiplied by two. This job is expected to turn up from 2300

to 2600 horse-power, surpassing the maximum development of the air-cooled engine like the Whirlwind Wasp which has 2,000 horsepower. Air-cooled engines cannot efficiently go into three banks but liquid-cooled engines can. The next logical step then, would be a fourth compounding of power developing a potential 5000 horse-power engine. Take the Glenn Martin "Mars" plane, substitute four of these liquid-cooled engines aggregating 20,000 horse-power for the four radial engines totaling 8000 horse-power, and, brother, you'll see somepin'. Imagine now the greatest exodus the world has ever seen, as hundreds of thousands of war weary Europeans, including the erstwhile Herrenvolk, implement their desire to get out of Europe, a place which means nothing to them but misery—for the fertile soil and good climates of Brazil, South Africa, Australia. Peace may see them winging over the Atlantic and the Pacific in tremendous clippers powered by these 20,000 horse-power engines that can fly non-stop from Paris to Pernambuco in a few hours. Was H. G. Wells far-fetched when he wrote "Things to Come"? Hardly. Some of those things to come are already here today.

The dukes of Detroit are resourceful people and it's a good thing for them that they are. Before they were told to forget about automobiles, two of the largest duchies, General Motors and Chrysler, had already produced their own tidy revolution—*powdered metals*. Metal parts for ships, guns and airplanes were coming off the line all right but this was wartime and they weren't coming off fast enough to suit GM and Chrysler. So experiments were started with powdered metal. The results, as Gilbert chanted to Sullivan, were "more than sa-tis-fac-toreee". For powdered metal produced better gear in less than half the original time. Here's why: The old way, iron ore went into a blast furnace that melted it into brick-shaped chunks called "pigs". Its shape slightly modified, it was then "machined", in three long steps, to the desired forms. With the remarkable, new powdered metal process, the iron ore is ground up, cooked, milled and then fed straight into dies (moulds) which squeeze it under the crushing pressure of 50,000 pounds per square inch, into the finished product; the three "machining" steps are thus eliminated. Further, the finished product is stronger than that produced by the slower method. What's more, this powdered metal has a porous surface that will make it ideal in clerical machines or printing presses where it will soak up the ink and stamp it on the paper.

Peacetime plants can make good use of this fast process that produces better engine parts. The wartime whip that spurred engineers to try powdered metal will mean better peacetime engine parts produced faster and, with over 50% of time and labor saved, produced more

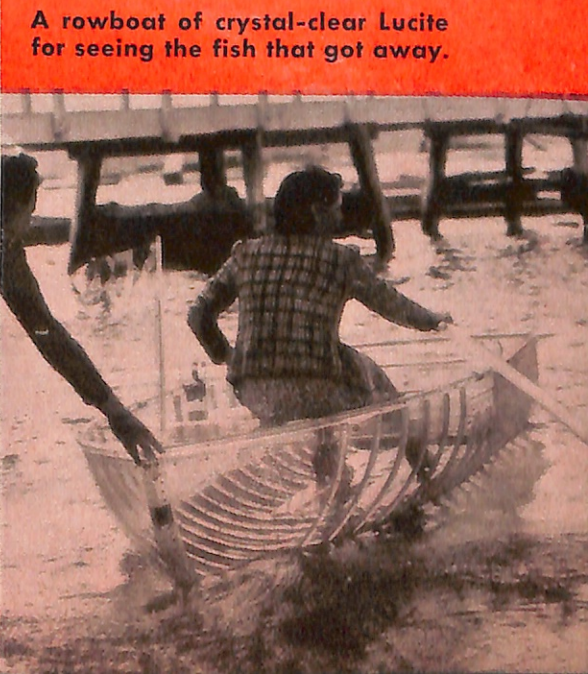
(Continued on page 44)



Not Buck Rogers but a bombardier in the plastic nose of a Martin B26 medium bomber.



Harvesting guayule from which synthetic rubber is made.



A rowboat of crystal-clear Lucite for seeing the fish that got away.



Photo Ylla from Rapho

In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust

Again the Doghouse is packed with facts, some facetious and all interesting.

ASIDE FROM THE LOVE LETTERS of gents who figure in breach of promise suits, no field of literature has seen more mediocre effort amounting to plain hog-wash as that of poetry about dogs. But here's one with a chuckle in it:

I love this little house because
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.
Arthur Guiterman

... FROM SWITZERLAND comes the story of twelve St. Bernards attached to the hospice of that name being exiled to—of all places—the monastery of the Latsa monks in the Himalayas. They were banished for the killing of a child. . . .

HERE'S A MAN who really goes to town with dogs. He's J. Novit, operator of Lafayette Hotel, Walter-

A magnificent collie and a trim wire haired terrier make a perfect composition for photographer Ylla.


boro, S. C. In his kennels he has 5,000 or so, all taken care of by just one man, a hotel porter. The dogs are miniatures of china, glass, wood, clay, etc. . . .

ONE LOOK AT A PICTURE of a bombed city makes this reporter believe that there's more than a mote of truth expressed by some modern sage who said that the only act distinguishing human beings from dogs is that the former have learned to cook. . . .

WORD COMES out of Russia that dogs are now being dropped with parachute troops for use as messengers between machine-gun units. . . . Several instances have been reported where Fido has been found in British planes shot down over Germany, some of them having been adopted by German soldiers, others as household pets in that country. . . .

IT IS CLAIMED that many dogs in London have learned to distinguish between the air raid warning siren and the all-clear signal. When the first is sounded, many can be seen running toward the nearest shelters.

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Rod AND Gun

By Ray Trullinger

Atlas Photos

THIS month your agent's hook and bullet schedule calls for a snappy essay on fly fishing, preferably something loaded with pearls of angling wisdom and other sound advice calculated to put trout in readers' creels and black fly bites in their hides.

To give such an article the authoritative touch, it should lead off with high-and-mighty references to English chalk stream angling, and what Lord Cholmondeley remarked to the Duke of Bucktooth when that worthy snagged a gillie in the ear with a double-bitted Black Dose.

From there it's customary to touch on Chilean and Persian trout water; the advantages of fishing a Little Inky Boy when low stream conditions prevail, and what confounded nuisances crocodiles can be to trout on certain of Africa's smaller rivers.

That sort of introduction stamps the writer an upper case expert and authority whose words are not to be taken lightly, although what it has to do with creeling a mess of natives from Skunk Creek, U.S.A., has never been explained.

Fortunately for readers of this family Magazine, the writer never

has fished trout in Chili, Persia or Africa in the past, and hopes to Pete he's spared such horrors in the future. In addition, he's chary of imparting unsolicited angling advice because more often than not such helpful hints are tossed back on our doorstep like dead cats. Fishing counsel, like hoss park tips, frequently is wrong like a pair of loaded dice. As for example:—

Several seasons ago we decided on a three weeks' angling excursion to Newfoundland, and, like all sensible fishermen planning a trip to un-

(Continued on page 53)

Rationing is here, but we can tell Joe
Hysteria it isn't going to drive us to despair.



"If you need
this stuff,
Uncle Sam,
it's your s."



"WE GIVE UP!"

By An American

JOE HYSTERIA lives down the block from my house. That's not his name but that describes him. He's always excited about something. This time it's rationing. Big shortages, he says. Sugar and tin and steel and nickel and copper and rubber. What's the country going to do without them?

And I say, now, Joe, we got along without them before. I guess we can do it again.

We can't do it, Joe says. We're civilized and geared to civilized thinking and living. We can't go back to a primitive state. We'll crack up.

That's what Joe says. And what he says maybe some other people think.

Well, the U.S.A. is the land of plenty and we'll probably get plenty of rationing, too, before it's over. We had our warehouses bulging with almost everything there is—wheat and iron, beans and coal, cotton, corn and copper—there was so much even the poor people got some.

Yes, we're going to ration the land of plenty. Tough? You ought to see the other guy. The Japs and Germans and Italians have been up to their necks in rationing for three years or more. They didn't have

much of anything to start with. Up to their necks in what they haven't got. Up to their necks in nothing.

Joe says they're going to stop selling things which Americans consider their heritage. Lawnmowers and garden hose and paper clips and vacuum cleaners and typewriters and 100% wool clothes for my family. And girdles and bobby pins and silk hose and underwear. When it comes to doing without *those*—breathes there a woman with sex so dead who wouldn't rather give up her head? I wonder, did Clara Barton have them? Or Betsy Ross?

Are we going to collapse because we have no more aluminum or nickel or chromium cocktail shakers? Or fancy mixers for Frozen Daiquiris? Anybody hear Douglas MacArthur holler for Frozen Daiquiris to stave off collapse?

And lots of fancy food is going by the board. Rationing will hit the diet, too. Some of us aren't going to be fat any more. I wonder, will that be bad for us, or good? Did you ever see a picture of Kit Carson? Was he fat? Or Andrew Jackson, or Lewis and Clark, or John Paul Jones? And what's the name of that Alamo fellow—Crockett? Was he fat? And how about fat old Abe Lincoln and Black Jack Pershing? They weren't worrying about getting enough sugar and olive oil. They were busy at something or other. Building up a nation, I think it was, and fighting to keep it.

Joe says rationing tires and automobiles isn't important. Big changes like that we take in our stride. Missing the little things is what will throw us off base.

Fire-screens, radiators, paper towels, toasters, molasses, door chimes, wire coat hangers—little stuff like that will get us down.

Well, door chimes that play anything from Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite to a variation on a theme by Paganini will be hard to give up. But metal coat hangers are a menace to national unity. Those torturing, twisting, tangling demons of the dim clothes closet have sapped the sanity of a generation of clear thinking Americans. That's what's bothering Joe Hysteria. His father got tangled up in a wire coat hanger.

Yes, we'll be rationed from here to Christmas. My boy and girl will walk to high school. They won't get two or three cokes a day either. That sugar will go into home canning or munitions—smokeless powder. Maybe one coke—one cartridge. There won't be so many saxophones and clarinets in the jazz bands—more violins. And more shell cases. And the missus will do without herbs for cooking, or grow some; and some kinds of cleaning fluid and maybe the Fuller Brush man will disappear. And at the beauty parlor there'll be ersatz cosmetics. Essential oils are out. The alcohol shortage will do something unpleasant to toilet water and deodorants and practically everything else she puts on herself.

Oh, the list is as long as your arm.

Every one of them a little thing—a "last straw" that Joe says will bust the backbone of American character: shaving cream, tooth cleansers, white duck tennis pants, razor blades, gin, tennis balls, toy balloons, pewter, tinfoil, slot machines, lead weights in baseball bats and duck decoys, cocaine, opium and morphine.

I wonder what the boys at Valley Forge, or Gettysburg, or Corregidor would think of sacrifices like that!

Will Walt Whitman mind if for a few years we don't bind up some new fancy editions of Leaves of Grass? Will John Harvard or Leland Stanford rest uneasily because we turn out A.B. degrees in three years and for awhile teach more aerodynamics and less Latin?

I think not.

But it won't be easy. In big cities, the complacency boys sit around in steam heat or air conditioning, waited on with every conceivable service and glibly pooh-poo the problem. Rationing? they say. So what?

But America isn't big cities. It's little towns and wide open spaces. Take away his wire and a farmer can't bale his hay. If he can't get a needed part for his milking machines, he may lose his dairy cattle. For want of a horseshoe nail the battle was lost.

IT WON'T be easy but we won't break up. We won't even crack. Most of what they ration we don't need—convenient, maybe, but far from necessary.

When there is something we've really got to have, do you know what we'll do? We'll invent it. Americans are the inventingest people in the world. Right now there is a group called the National Inventors Council set up by the Government under the eye of the Patent Office. It is getting over three thousand ideas a *week*! Letters with suggestions coming from everywhere and everybody. From Arizona and Alaska, from Maine and Montana, rich and poor, mechanic, chemist, boilermaker and boy scout. American inventive genius has been mobilized and is already on the march.

How good are the ideas? Well, they say there isn't much new in the world, so most people think maybe one out of a thousand should amount to something. We don't know America. The Inventors Council, headed by Kettering of General Motors, with Coolidge of General Electric, Zeder of Chrysler, Sparre of du Pont, along with other of America's great research men—this hard-boiled, down to earth outfit is finding useful *one idea out of every fifteen submitted*. Out of the last 45,000 sent in, 3,000 have already been adopted.

Rationing is here and it won't be easy. But we can tell the Joe Hysterias it isn't going to drive us to despair. We've got something worth fighting for. We've guts enough to make sacrifices. We've got what it takes.

If there is anything we don't have—we'll invent it.



Photo by K. Chester

Jim Tully, owner of the Irish smile above, has a new novel out—"Biddy Brogan's Boy".

By Harry Hansen

WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading*

AIR power — tremendous, overwhelming air power—as a means of winning the war in a hurry and protecting the United States from the onslaught of hostile airplanes, is cited as our immediate need by Major Alexander P. de Seversky, in "Victory Through Air Power". His argument, reinforced by the turn the war has taken, is

that only the nation with air mastery can win a campaign. The Nazis failed to lay Britain low because they did not achieve mastery in the air; the British cannot crush the Axis in Africa because they lack air power; Crete and Greece were lost because the Nazis were able to control the air. The lesson of the Pacific is well known.

Thus Major de Seversky drives home his point—that sea power is inadequate without air power, and that the program of immense A. E. F. plans in the Pacific to which we are committed, is a senseless error. There is no advantage, says he, in nibbling at the ends of the tentacles of the Japanese octopus; we must strike at the center. This can only be done by planes. Technically the United States is able to build planes that can do it. For as Japan is fighting a war of possession, to hold valuable territory, we must fight a war to eliminate Japan. After that the United States must dominate the air, for the air is the great global battleground of the future.

Naturally Major de Seversky wants an independent air arm, but he also sees advantages in auxiliary air forces attached to the navy and the army. He is merciless in his criticism of the officers who have handicapped the development of American military aviation. He cites defects of the flying fortress that exist because the advice of men like General Andrews was not heeded. He says inferior planes are still being produced. Although the P-40 series is definitely inferior to the British Spitfire, America goes right on producing the P-40 in increasing numbers. "The rock-bottom fact is that the same men responsible for the woeful backwardness of our military aviation are still in control. . . . The planes which are, in fact, doing well in secondary roles are the very ones which were regarded as the primary weapons of American aerial defense."

Since Major de Seversky sees aerial warfare as a major effort, he is not willing to see airplanes tied to the maneuvers of army and navy. He says we have no air power at all, in the true sense of the word, until we are able to make use of unified aerial strategy; thus we will still be lacking even when the program of 185,000 airplanes is realized. His book is a powerful argument for one point of view and should have wide attention throughout the United States. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50)

A GREAT many writers are thinking about our post-war world. Maybe it's a little early, but the chances are it's healthy. These writers—many of them economists—don't seem to be expecting an idealistic arrangement. They know it will have to be a better world, but, for the most part, they think peace will have to be guaranteed with guns. Internally, they don't wish the United States to become the victim of quarreling groups.

Stuart Chase, who always writes lucidly about problems of production and consumption, describes the future in "The Road We Are Traveling, 1914-1942". He thinks it points to economic planning of resources, in order to give us security, food for all, and work. Mr. Chase thinks free enterprise is changing into some-

(Continued on page 54)

Foist in their league and foist in the hearts of their countrymen are Brooklyn's claim to fame, sometimes called the Dodgers.



The Beloved Bums

By Stanley Frank

THE bemused Borough of Brooklyn is a phenomenon only baseball could produce—and only with the enthusiastic cooperation of Brooklyn, a community of citizens who are studying to be characters. The people of Brooklyn appear to exist only to exult or bleed with the changing fortunes of a collection of ball players known as the Dodgers, none of whom lives in Brooklyn or would know their most ardent ad-

mirer from Adam's off ox. The Dodgers are Brooklyn's only national trade-mark and the parishioners make the most of it.

Brooklyn is a place like this: It can look with amused tolerance upon the depredations of a bunch of happy hoodlums known as Murder, Inc., who had the thoroughly uncharming habit of knocking off folks who demurred against paying extortion, euphemistically called "protection".

But let an honest umpire, doing the best he can, call a decision against the Dodgers, their beloved bums, and the outraged folks will take the law into their hands.

In September, 1940, Umpire George Magerkurth ruled that the Cincinnati Reds had completed a double play in the ninth inning, thereby beating the bums. The game was of no particular importance; the Reds

(Continued on page 49)

YOUNG WILLIAM AMERICAN HORSE was seven months and five days old when his father began to go haywire. In a way it was young William's fault. That morning Molly showed Bill the bankbook with the ten dollar deposit in a savings account and said, "That's the college fund."

Bill stamped his feet into his

and there wasn't any use trying to kid yourself, Bill thought. You couldn't pay tuition in a good school with a dream, and at the rate they were saving money a dream was about all they were going to have to offer.

He still had his job, of course, and he'd built a cabin on the ranch during the winter so Molly didn't have

Molly was smiling her slow smile at him, and like a lot of times she seemed to know what he was thinking. "Feeling sorry for yourself this morning, aren't you?" she said.

Bill didn't answer her. He put on all the dignity he had and marched over to the door. There was a difference, he thought, between feeling sorry for yourself and recognizing

Joe wanted his papoose to have a college education but gave up hope until he was fired.

A MAN ABOUT A DOG

By D. D. Beauchamp

boots. Ten bucks in six months, twenty dollars in a year, four hundred dollars in twenty years.

"That won't even buy his books," Bill said.

Molly dried a dish and put it up in the cupboard. "Why worry about books?" she said. "He can't even read yet."

Maybe that was supposed to be funny, Bill thought, but it wasn't; because right then he could feel his and Molly's dream slipping. Everybody around the ranch, with the exception of Mr. Lucas, had said they were nuts when they talked about sending the papoose to college, and he was inclined to agree with them now. But it was still the thing he and Molly wanted most of anything in the world. Young William was going to grow up and be a doctor or a lawyer, and help earn back the white man's respect for the Indian; and that was a fine idea, but it still didn't make it any more practicable,

to stay in town, but they weren't going to get rich on what they could save out of sixty dollars a month.

He stood up and got his brush jacket and hat off the hook. Molly was humming some sort of a tune, and not looking at him, and that made him feel bad. Just because he was discouraged was no excuse for taking it out on her, but it seemed like he couldn't help himself. She pretended she didn't notice anything, though.

"You going into town today?"

He stuffed his gloves into his hip pocket. "Something down at the express agency Mr. Lucas wants brought out." He went over and looked down into the crib in the corner, and young William stared back at him dead-pan, his dark eyes unmoving. You'll need that poker face, Bill thought, time you grow up. The only trouble with you is you got born to be an Indian.

Something made him look up.



facts. He lifted the latch. "I'll be back around noon," he said, and let himself out.

A late September wind was blowing and it had enough rain in it to make it sting. Across Half Moon Creek the brush was turning yellow and red, and the first fall of snow had settled on the higher peaks. Bill hitched his collar up. His boot

heels dug in the soft earth and the cushion of pine needles on the path when he came out of the timber, and below him Dick Todd and Artie McCrory pushed a herd of thirty horses across the level floor of the valley. They had just tied another dude season off and now the saddle stock were headed for winter pasture. Ten lousy dollars, Bill thought bitterly.

He couldn't get rid of that discouragement. He backed the station wagon out of the garage and jammed his foot down on the brake pedal. Spanish had come out of the bunkhouse and was limping down the slope in the rain. He propped one boot up on the running board.

"Rheumatism givin' me hell," he said. "When you comin' back from

Bill took him out twice, and maybe he was a good businessman in New York, but he was strictly low grade as a wing shot.





town, do you think, Bill?"

"Noontime. Anything I can get for you?"

Spanish dug two silver dollars out of his pants. "Some Durham and some papers, and a bottle of liniment." He tugged at the end of his mustache and his voice was wistful. "Wish I had a case of whisky, and the boss'd let me drink it."

"I wish I did too," Bill said.

That surprised Spanish some. "First time I ever heard you was a drinkin' man, William."

"I got my first time to get drunk," Bill said. "The way I feel right now today oughtta be the time for it."

Spanish shook his head. "You got the screamin' fantods. This dam' weather is enough to put anybody off their feed." He took his foot off the running board. "Well, so long," he said.

Bill put the car in gear. It wasn't the screaming fantods he had, whatever they might be. What ailed him chiefly was realizing suddenly how much time you could waste dreaming up things that couldn't possibly come true. Ten lousy dollars!

It was mid-morning when he wheeled in alongside the depot platform in Plateau and started leaning on the horn. Emory Stevens came out of the dispatcher's office pushing his arms into a sheepskin coat. He got some tobacco out of a pocket, whittled off a chew and offered the plug.

"I'd rather smoke it than eat it," Bill said.

Emory put the plug away and turned to spit downwind. "I suppose you come in after the dog."

Bill said, "Dog?" letting his surprise show. He scratched his head. "I come in after something, but I didn't know it was a dog."

He skinned out of the car and followed the back of Emory's coat around the corner to the freight house. Now, what did Mr. Lucas want with a dog? He could hear the whining before the door was open.

"He's quieted down some," Emory said. "Kept the whole town awake after he come in yesterday afternoon. He's ugly, ain't he?"

Bill squatted on his heels. All he could see inside the crate at first was a lot of black hair and some white teeth. After a while his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Emory was leaning over his shoulder looking too.

"What the hell is he, anyway?"

"Labrador," Bill said. "Hunting

dog." He straightened up.

Emory said, "Oh." He took hold of one of the handles on the crate. "I guess you wantta take him box and all."

"He's been cooped up in there three days, ain't he?"

Emory nodded.

"I'll take him on a lead," Bill said. "You fed him lately?"

Emory shook his head in emphatic denial. "Think I want to lose an arm?" he wanted to know. "That thing's got tushes on him like a bear."

Bill pulled the pin and loosened the hasp on the door. "If you're scared of him you better make room," he said, "because I'm gonna turn him loose."

Emory made room.

The dog wasn't exactly unfriendly. He wasn't exactly friendly either, but it seemed like he preferred almost any kind of human companionship to sitting alone in the cage and howling. He sat on the front seat and looked out the window with a detached and impersonal indifference that had some quality of patient expectation about it. A one-man dog, Bill thought, and he's waiting for the guy that owns him to show up.

As a matter of precaution he tied him in with a piece of rope when he went into Arminter's store to do his shopping. Turn him loose once and he'd probably head east at a high lope. "You'd show up at home in time for bird season next year," Bill said. He got out of the car.

There was a box of supplies for the commissary outside of the things he had bought for Spanish. Bill loaded them into the back end. On a sudden impulse he went back inside and up to the meat counter and bought two pounds of lean stew beef. It cost him fifty cents out of his own pocket, but that didn't matter much any more. Not since he'd come to realize that a man couldn't send his son to college by saving up quarters and half-dollars. And besides, that the dog was hungry. He wolfed the meat and looked up for more. Bill shook his head.

"I don't want you to founder yourself. The way you went at it I expect that's the first square meal you've had since you left New York."

"He sure polished it off in a hurry, didn't he?"

Bill looked up. Henry Arminter had come outside to lean against a post on the porch. "Don't tell me Cal Lucas has gone in for

raisin' dogs of all durn things."

"I been wondering about that myself," Bill said. He stared out at the street. It was raining harder now. He pulled his hat down against the wind, circled the car at a trot and climbed in beside the dog.

What with the rain and the muddy roads it took him an hour to make a trip that ordinarily he could make in thirty minutes, and there was nothing to do but steer the car and think. Not about the dog either, although he was mildly curious about Mr. Lucas' intentions as far as the animal was concerned. He had plenty of problems of his own, without borrowing any more.

RESPONSIBILITY, he guessed, was one thing when you were young and still believed the world was yours for the taking. It was another thing when you were old enough to know better, and he wasn't any fresh-faced kid out of high school with a hatful of notions about how successful he was going to be. He wasn't a hopeful kid picking up a few bucks with a pick and shovel, or breaking a horse, or cutting wood, or getting his ears knocked off in a preliminary go on a fight card, and thinking all the time that things would get better. He was twenty-three years old, and a salaried man, and he knew his limitations. Most people didn't like Indians. Maybe there was some justification for that, but that didn't make it any easier. He and Molly had been through that mill. Young William would go through the same mill unless he was better prepared, and that meant a college education in one of the professions; and not a government handout either. That was the important part, or at least it had been up till now. He and Molly had stood on their own feet ever since they'd been old enough to realize that that was the way to maintain your self-respect, and he wanted his son to do the same. But there wasn't much prospect of putting him through school unless something miraculous happened, and he'd given up believing in miracles. Four hundred dollars in twenty years! Take it all in all, it was enough to make any man low in mind.

Being late the way he was made him miss the mid-day meal, but he mooched a sandwich off the cook when he carried in the groceries. Then he went outside and got the dog.

Mr. Lucas was sitting in front of the fireplace smoking a cigar and drinking a bottle of beer, and he seemed a little perplexed over having a new variety of livestock on his hands. He put the beer down and patted the dog on the head.

"The way it is, Bill," he said, "there's a man named Hebert coming out from New York to see me on a business deal and he wanted his dog out here. Figured he'd try him on some upland game birds, and maybe a pheasant or two."

(Continued on page 47)

Illustrated By L. R. GUSTAVSON

He just looked at Bill for a long moment. Then he said, "The first thing I'm going to do is fire you".



Flag Day and Use of the Emblem

THERE is pending in Congress a Joint Resolution to codify and emphasize existing rules and customs pertaining to the display and use of the Flag. The rules and customs referred to are those adopted and promulgated by the United States Flag Association, so the joint resolution will not change to any appreciable extent what is already generally understood as the proper manner to display and use the Flag in order at all times to show proper reverence for it. The adoption of the resolution will serve merely to place the stamp of approval of Congress on the code of flag etiquette as adopted by those who have given much thought to its use by civilians or civilian groups or organization for the public display of the National Emblem who are not required to conform with regulations promulgated by executive departments of the Government.

The Joint Resolution provides that the Flag should be displayed on all days when the weather permits, especially on New Year's Day; Inauguration Day, January 20; Lincoln's Birthday, February 12; Washington's Birthday, February 22; Army Day, April 6; Easter Sunday (variable); Mother's Day, second Sunday in May; Memorial Day (half staff until noon),

May 30; Flag Day, June 14; Independence Day, July 4; Labor Day, first Monday in September; Constitution Day, September 17; Columbus Day, October 12; Navy Day, October 27; Armistice Day, November 11; Thanksgiving Day, last Thursday in November; Christmas Day; the birthdays of States (dates of admission), and on State holidays.

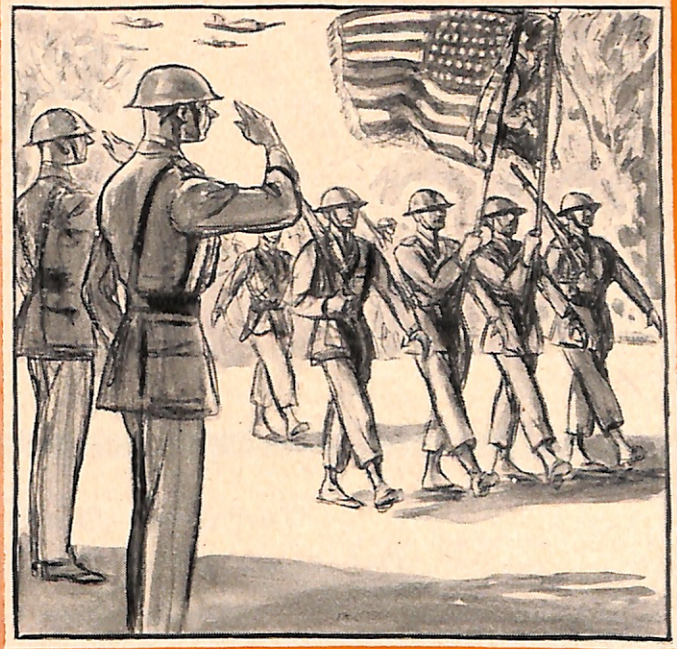
Flag Day, June 14, is a day of special interest to Elks for the reason that the Order had much to do with the establishment of this day as one set aside for paying special tribute to the National Emblem. A ritual has been provided for its observance and all lodges are required to pay tribute to the Flag in conformity therewith.

An Evening Well Spent

EVERYWHERE our subordinate lodges are keen and alert in an effort to assist the Government in winning this war of aggression which threatens all that Americans hold near and dear. Unbroken, the tide surges and threatens the existence of all which stands in the way, including our own beloved Order. The activity of each lodge merits special mention and recognition but that being impossible, we can mention only a few and this by way of encouragement to others that they may realize that they are a part of the general movement of the Order to protect our institution from the ruthless, brutal and criminal assault now being waged for their destruction. While paying a tribute to all, we make special reference to the accomplishments of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878 located as it is in the metropolitan area of New York City where so many things transpire tending to dull realization of the tremendous struggle for existence in which we are now engaged.

Recently this lodge staged an "open house" which was attended by more than one thousand Elks, and as a direct result \$95,000 was raised for defense and charity. Of this sum \$50,000 went for the purchase of war bonds and

Editorial



drawings by Wallace Morgan

the balance for charitable uses and purposes including nine hospitals, the purchase of nine iron lungs, \$10,000 for the relief of families of Elks in the service, \$2,500 for the purchase of cigarettes for the boys in our armed forces, \$12,000 for Christmas dinner baskets, \$250 for the Little Sisters of the Sick Poor, \$1,000 each to Protestant, Jewish and Catholic charities, and sums for other charities totaling \$45,550.00.

All of this was the result of the "open house" at which a dinner was served attended by clergymen of various denominations and by those representing welfare and hospital organizations. It proved a most enjoyable evening and elicited most favorable comment from the press. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan was master of ceremonies and to him must be awarded much of the credit for organizing and conducting the affair. Once again Queens Borough Lodge demonstrates that it is one of the outstanding lodges of our Order and has set an example which others may follow.

A Recognition of Merit

THE One Hundred Sixty-Fourth Annual Communication of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Virginia was held in Richmond during the month of February, at which Robert S. Barrett was elected Grand Master. High tribute is paid to the newly-elected head of the fraternity in that State by the *Masonic Herald*, a publication sponsored by the Virginia Grand Lodge. Brother Barrett has for many years been an active Mason and has been promoted to his present high office by reason of his outstanding accomplishments in that fraternity as he has been promoted in the Order of Elks from the ranks to the high and responsible position as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees where he is now serving with distinction. We congratulate him on his election, fully merited by his many years of devoted service. The following is quoted from a lengthy editorial in the *Masonic Herald*:

"Born at Richmond, Va., March 30, 1877, the son of the late distinguished Rev. Robert South Barrett, D.D., of Wythe County, and Kate Waller Barrett, M.D., of Stafford County, this eminent Virginian has crammed so much activity into sixty-five years that even a brief biographical sketch leaves one breathless in retrospect.

"Briefly, he might be described as publicist, world traveler, philanthropist and sociologist."

Keep the Door Open

THE following is taken from the editorial columns of the *Boston Daily Globe*:

"The community spirit operating in many New England towns and cities is usually engaged at this time of year with certain projects in the interest of talented youth. These take the form of college entrance scholarships offered to the boys and girls in the high school graduating class. The sums of money thus bestowed are seldom large. Usually \$100 or \$150 is the amount. They are given after careful consideration of the circumstances, record and promise of the many candidates.

"It would be interesting to discover how many splendid young men and women have been advanced in their quest for higher education by these grants. Surely the number must be very great by now.

"The funds that help them do not grow on trees. They are raised by hard work, with mothers' associations, clubs and various fraternal organizations bearing the brunt of the effort. This year there are many other claims being put forward for excellent causes. These should not be neglected but it should be remembered that the scholarship funds are of long standing and have splendid records of helpfulness. There should be adequate support for them."

THE GRAND LODGE Convention

Tentative Outline of Program for THE ELKS 78TH GRAND LODGE CONVENTION At Omaha, Neb., July, 1942

Friday, July 10

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland with parade from station to Elks Lodge Home, headed by Omaha Elks Band. Remainder of day devoted to conferences of Grand Lodge Officers.

Saturday, July 11

Grand Lodge Officers' Conferences at Headquarters Hotel, the Fontenelle, northeast corner of Eighteenth and Douglas Streets.

Registration of Grand Lodge Members opens at Hotel Fontenelle under direction of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

Sunday, July 12

Grand Lodge Members' Registration continues at Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration opens at Elks Lodge Home, southwest corner of Eighteenth and Dodge Street (just north of Hotel Fontenelle).

Ladies' Headquarters open in Parlor C, second floor, Elks Lodge Home, with four o'clock tea each day.

Morning—Special Church Services.

Afternoon—Sightseeing Trips to Joslyn Memorial, Fort Omaha, Pioneer Mormon Cemetery, Fort Crook, Martin Bomber Plant, South Omaha Stockyards, Municipal Airport, Carter Lake, etc.—to be repeated throughout the Convention.

GOLF every day at Omaha Field Club, where National Amateur Tournament was held last year.

TRAPSHOOTING every day at Omaha Skeet Club, East Omaha.

Monday, July 13

Grand Lodge Members' Registration continues at Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration continues at Elks Lodge Home.

10:00 A. M.—Ritualistic Contest in Lodge Room, Elks Building.

1:30 P. M.—Visit to Father Flanagan's Boys Town.

8:00 P. M.—Public Exercises opening the Convention at Paramount Theatre, 20th and Farnum Streets. Special music.

Tuesday, July 14

Grand Lodge Members' registration continues at Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration continues at Elks Lodge Home.

10:00 A. M.—First Session of Grand Lodge at Hotel Fontenelle Ball Room (air-conditioned).

10:00 A. M.—Ritualistic Contest in Lodge Room, Elks Building.

Noon —Exalted Rulers' Luncheon by incoming Grand Exalted Ruler.

1:00 P. M.—Ladies' Luncheon and Style Show at Omaha Athletic Club (air-conditioned).

8:00 P. M.—Special Ak-Sar-Ben Den Show.

Wednesday, July 15

Grand Lodge Members' registration continues at Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration continues at Elks Lodge Home.

10:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Session at Hotel Fontenelle Ball Room.

10:00 A. M.—Ritualistic Contest in Lodge Room, Elks Building.

11:00 A. M.—Memorial Services. Special Music.

2:00 P. M.—Grand Lodge Session at Hotel Fontenelle Ball Room.

6:00 P. M.—State Associations Night, with dinners.

10:00 P. M.—Dancing under the stars, and Entertainment at Peony Park.

Thursday, July 16

10:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Session at Hotel Fontenelle Ball Room.

10:00 A. M.—Ladies' Trip to Council Bluffs, Ia., as guests of Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 531, with luncheon at Elks Lodge Home, visits to many points of historical and scenic interest.

2:00 P. M.—Patriotic Parade, the first section of which is planned to be of military character.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS will be made on request in advance for breakfasts, luncheons and dinners for groups of any size. Address the Elks 1942 Convention Corporation, 108 S. 18th Street, Omaha, Neb.

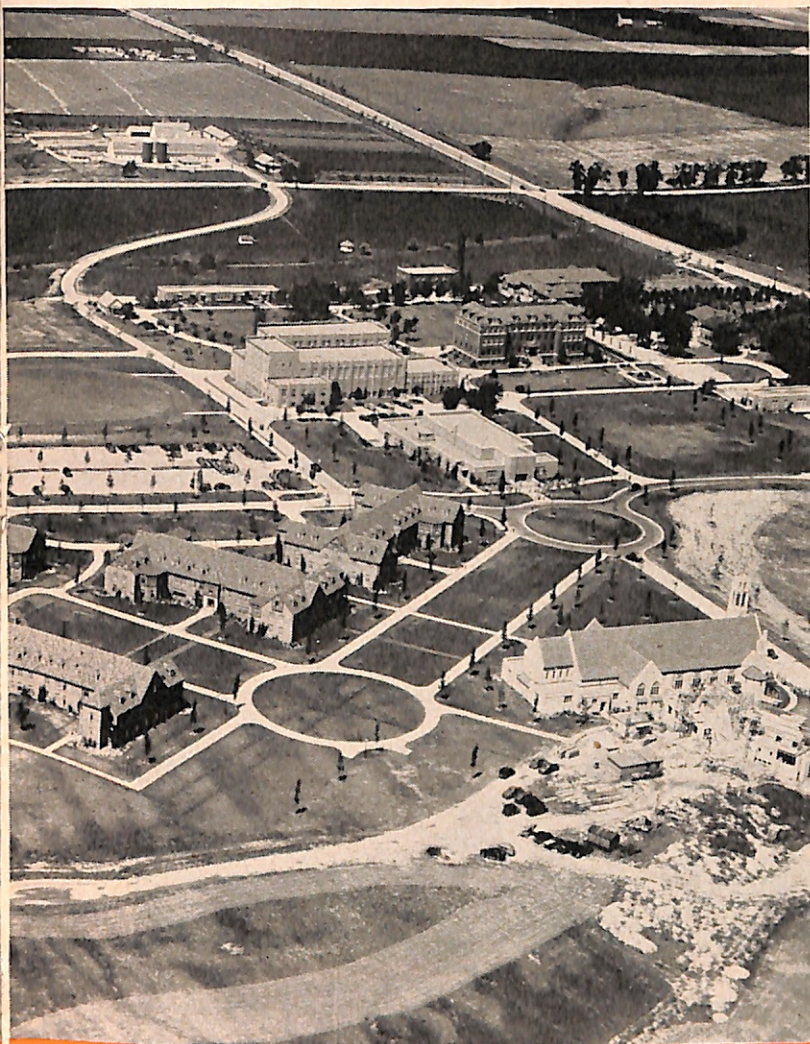


Photo by W. S. Craig

This is Father Flanagan's "Boys Town," the self-governing community for boys.



Photo by Ernest Bihler

Down the fairway! Omaha has 45 beautiful city parks, many with golf courses.

OMAHA Elks have already set the ball rolling for the 1942 National Elks Convention to be held in the "Capital City of the Midwest" the week of July 12. In line with the tradition of hospitality for which Omaha is famous, W. L. Pierpoint and his Committee on Arrangements are lining up a tour of "show places" to fill in every free hour of the visitors' time.

One of the highlights planned for the guests is an evening of dancing under the stars at Peony Park, on the outskirts of Omaha. No matter how high the thermometer soars, the Royal Grove at the Park is always cool, and breezes are mingled with the music that pours from the outdoor orchestra shell.

No visit to Omaha would be complete without a trip to Father E. J. Flanagan's Boys Town, the unique community of boys located a few miles from the city. Here is a complete, self-governing little city, with schools, chapel, dormitories, work shops and a completely equipped farm. Here homeless boys, often taken from the streets, from reform schools or from the city slums, learn to become busy, useful citizens. Founded in 1917, the Home is the realization of Father Flanagan's dream of a haven for these lads, and of his firm conviction that "there is no such thing as a bad boy". World fame recently came to the Home through the motion pictures "Boys Town" and "The City of Little Men", starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney.

Visiting Elks will also have an opportunity to see one of America's most beautiful art centers—the Joslyn Memorial. This majestic structure of gleaming pink marble is the hub of Omaha's cultural life. Its galleries house an excellent permanent collection of art, as well as many outstanding traveling exhibits. Weekly programs, featuring noted artists and speakers, are held in its concert and lecture halls. But Omahans and out-of-town visitors often come simply to admire the beauty of the building, the marble halls and tiled Moorish court, with its fountain and tropical plants. The Joslyn Memorial, which ranks second in per capita attendance in the nation, was a gift to Omaha by the late Mrs. Sarah A. Joslyn in memory of her husband.

Since Omaha is one of the world's largest livestock and meat packing centers, the great stockyards on the South Side are a lodestone for visitors. The larger packing houses, busy filling mammoth war orders for the United States and her Allies, can no longer open their doors to the public, but the vast stock pens and the million-dollar Livestock Exchange are still open to sightseers. Here more than eight million head of cattle, sheep and hogs have been marketed in a single year. It is a tradition that there are no contracts or written transactions "on the market". Sales and purchases are by word of mouth, with every man's word his bond and the Omaha Livestock Exchange standing back of every member. So successful has this method been that it is a byword that no one has ever lost a penny through dealing in the Omaha Exchange.

Omaha is an outstanding war activity center of the Middle West. It has the headquarters of the Seventh Corps Area, U. S. Army, with two nationally famous army posts—Fort Omaha and Fort Crook. The latter is the location of the great Martin Bomber plant.

Special trips have been planned for the ladies attending the Convention. One of these will take them across the Missouri River to Council Bluffs and to the spot which Abraham Lincoln officially designated as the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific, the first trans-continental railroad.

A side trip contemplated will take the visitors to Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, where the state university is also located. The magnificent state capitol building, with its four hundred foot tower and its statue of the "Sower" overlooking the flat prairie land, is completely original—every cornice, molding, facing and carving was conceived by the designers. It is one of America's outstanding structures, and Nebraskans are proud of the fact that it was paid for step by step—as it was built.

With these, and other special events, Omaha hopes to prove to visitors at the Elks Convention that it can make good its boast: "Omaha is a city easy to reach—but hard to leave."

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



Honolulu, T. H., Lodge Installs Officers Under War Conditions

For the first time in the history of the Order, lodge officers were installed in a war zone under war conditions when on Sunday, April 12, Honolulu, T. H., Lodge, No. 616, seated its 1942-43 officers. Because of the nightly blackout blanketing the Hawaiian Islands, the lodge, unable to hold its regular Friday night meetings, now convenes on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

More than one hundred members, including a score of visiting Elks, witnessed the impressive installation service. Fully half of those in attendance wore the uniforms of the U. S. Army and Navy, including the retiring Exalted Ruler, Captain Howard B. Simpson, of the Army Air Corps. P.D.D. Dayton A. Turner, P.E.R. of No. 616, acted as installing officer in the place of D.D. D. A. Devine, P.E.R. of Hilo Lodge No. 759, who was unable to get to Honolulu. Mr. Turner conferred the jewels of office upon J. Roger MacGuigan, Exalted Ruler, Ralph W. Morris, Est. Lead.

Above are prominent New York Elks who were present when Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge presented nine "Iron Lungs" to Borough hospitals. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan is seated front, sixth from left.

Knight, John C. Linczer, Est. Loyal Knight, Arthur Stagbar, Est. Lect. Knight, Ben Silverman, Treasurer, Forrest L. Brown, Secretary, James Clark, Tiler, Elmer Galusha, Trustee, Donald Ottmann, Chaplain, James McDonnell, Esquire, Henry Donvitz, Inner Guard, and Jack Coale, Organist.

Since the attack on Pearl Harbor, Honolulu Lodge had been meeting once a month. The new Exalted Ruler has increased this to two meetings each month, on the second and fourth Sundays. Special plans have been made for the entertainment of Elks in the armed forces and their buddies, with the beautiful lodge home on Waikiki Beach becoming a recreation center for soldiers and sailors.

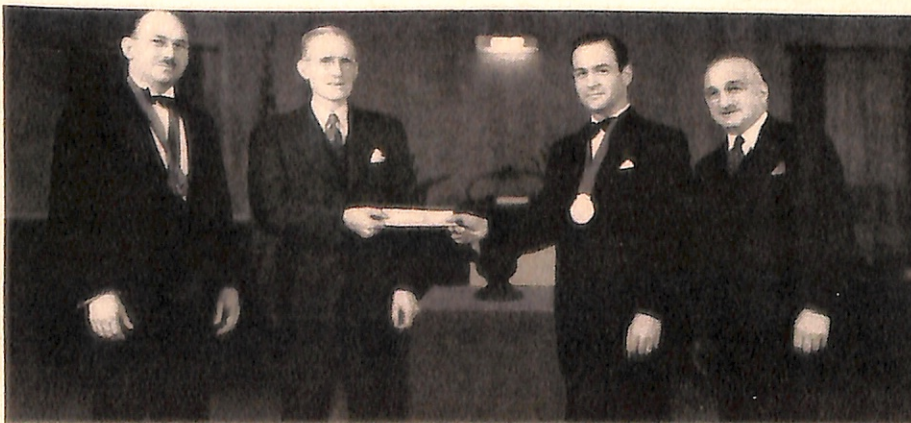
Interesting to note is the fact that every new officer is engaged in the na-

tional war effort. Exalted Ruler MacGuigan is with the police reserve. Mr. Morris and Mr. Linczer are civilian defense district leaders; Mr. Stagbar is a member of the police detective division. Mr. Silverman is with the tire division of the office of the military governor. Mr. Clark is connected with the attorney general's office, Mr. Ottmann with the federal service, and Mr. McDonnell with the defense project. Mr. Donvitz and Mr. Galusha are with district first aid units. Mr. Coale is with the USO.

The grim presence of war was apparent at the installation meeting. A martial touch was lent by the uniforms of those in the armed service. The members carried gas masks slung from their shoulders in khaki cases. Among them were fire and air raid wardens who, in addition, carried steel helmets. Overhead roared planes, and through the windows of the lanai, or dining porch, were visible the barbed wire entanglements along the beach and naval patrol ships cutting through the quiet waters of the Pacific. America is at war and Hawaii is in the combat zone, but the Elks of Honolulu are going ahead with their activities with plans made for a busy year despite curtailments.

Wisconsin Bowlers Are Awarded Prizes of War Bonds and Stamps

The twelve directors of the Wisconsin Elks State Bowling Committee voted this year to pay off the entire prize list at the Thirtieth Annual Elks State Bowling Tournament in War Bonds and Stamps. The tournament, a major contest extending over a period of nearly two months, opened on March 7, sponsored by Waukesha Lodge No. 400. Prize money, amounting to approximately \$4,500,



Left are members of Westwood, N. J., Lodge as they presented a check for \$376 to the USO.

Right: E.R. George Sanderson of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge presents title and keys to a station wagon to the Lynchburg Chapter of the Red Cross as a gift of the Lodge.

Right, below, is a class of candidates which was recently initiated into Ettingham, Ill., Lodge.

was divided as follows: 37 team prizes ranging from \$15 to \$100; 37 doubles prizes ranging from \$5 to \$50; 42 singles prizes ranging from \$4 to \$35; nine trophies to champions, \$200; ten special prizes, \$85; 125 goodfellowship team prizes of \$10 each; 100 goodfellowship doubles prizes of \$5 each; 160 goodfellowship singles prizes of \$3 each.

The Elks of Wisconsin are bowling enthusiasts. They give the annual tournaments splendid support. Three hundred teams, 290 doubles and 580 singles have been the average during the past three years. The pay-off in War

Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Bonds and Stamps proved to be a popular innovation, in line with the patriotic activities in which members of the Order are engaged in these crucial times.

Nashville, Tenn., Lodge's Win the War Class Brings in 330 Members

Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, answered the Grand Exalted Ruler's call on the subordinate lodges for large Win the War Classes with the initiation of 330 new members. They were initiated in two groups, the first of 181, on March 19, being the largest single Win the War Class to date. The entire gross proceeds derived from the initiation fees, supple-

Right are officers of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, shown as they burned the mortgage on their Lodge home.

At bottom are members and officers of Breckenridge, Tex., Lodge who gathered together to burn the mortgage on their Lodge home.



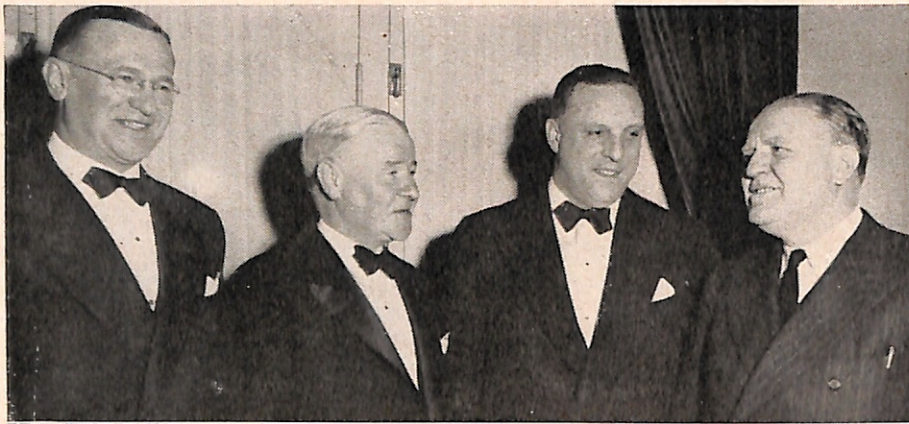
mented by additional funds appropriated by the Board of Directors, were used for the purchase of \$22,000 worth of War Bonds. Lipe Henslee, chairman of bond sales in Tennessee, delivered the bonds, receiving the check from Harry L. Dahlman, Secretary of Nashville Lodge.

At the initiation of the first group, the attendance of 450 Elks included visiting delegations from Chattanooga, Columbia, Knoxville and Jackson, Tenn., and Bowling Green, Ky. The lodge home was decorated with palms and cut flowers. Attorney General J. Carlton Loser, a member of the class, was taken to the various stations while the other 180 remained seated, receiving instruction and

taking the obligations jointly.

After the ceremonies, the meeting was turned over to Major Alfred T. Levine who acted as chairman during the presentation of a delightful program. Greetings from the Grand Exalted Ruler, the State Elks Association and Nashville Lodge No. 72 were extended by Grand Inner Guard Hugh W. Hicks of Jackson Lodge, State President Joe W. Anderson, Chattanooga, and E.R. William P. Smith respectively. An address was delivered by the Reverend Roger Nooe, a life member of Franklin, Ky., Lodge. Tennessee Commissioner of Conservation J. Charles Poe, initiated at the meeting, responded for the class. A social hour and a concert, during which the





Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan are shown with D.D. John F. Scileppi and Borough President James Burke, on the occasion of Judge McClelland's visit to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

Below, left, are three members of Columbia, S. C., Lodge who are Flying Cadets and have reported to Kelly Field. They are Russell L. Dreyer, H. Hill White, Jr., and William H. Harth, Jr., son of the Exalted Ruler



whole lower floor was converted into a spacious dining room, was followed by the serving of a delicious repast. Howard Baughman, Manager of the Hermitage Hotel, a member of Nashville Lodge, brought one of his chefs and all of his waiters to the lodge home to assist with the supper. For the occasion Past Exalted Ruler J. M. Petway was appointed special Chairman of the House Committee, and Theo Sanders Chairman of Ushers. D. D. Canfield was in charge of refreshments.

Members of the Governing Committee in charge of the campaign were Major Levine, General Chairman, R. R. Rumage, Vice-Chairman, Ed. McCabe, Secretary, Mr. Smith and Mr. Dahlman. The committee appointed ten executive directors called "majors", each of whom appointed four "captains". Each "captain" then selected four team mates. The teams worked about five weeks in assembling the class. The Win the War Class was of the highest type. Among its members were many judges, officials

Convention Information At The Elks Magazine Exhibit

This year *The Elks Magazine* in conjunction with its annual Magazine Exhibit wants to render an important service to all members attending the Grand Lodge Convention. We plan to set up a file which will supply answers to the many questions which have been put to us at previous Conventions.

If your State will have its own Convention headquarters—if your District has a special activity afoot—if your lodge has a get-together meeting place, and you want other members who might ask for it to have this information, send it to us for *The Elks Magazine* Exhibit Information Desk. We know from experience that many members will drop in and ask us about these things—they've done so many times—and we'd like to have the answers for them.

Other information that we might have on file is the hotel at which you will stay and the date of your arrival in Omaha.

Send the information to the Magazine office now or plan to give it to us at the Magazine Exhibit desk at the Hotel Fontenelle, when you reach Omaha.



Left is a new class of candidates initiated into Allentown, Pa., Lodge in honor of D.D. John S. Brobst.

Below, shown with members of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, are 100 aviation cadets who were present at a patriotic meeting and reception held for them by Baltimore Lodge on the eve of the cadets' departure for Maxwell Field in Alabama.





Above are members and guests of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge pictured together at a patriotic banquet held by the Lodge.

Right are members of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge shown as they presented to officials of the Strong Memorial Hospital a check for \$3,000 for apparatus necessary to establish a blood bank in that hospital.



and prominent business men. The initiation of the second group, which took place on April the 23rd, was witnessed by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland. The class has started a membership drive of its own.

Mankato, Minn., Lodge Dedicates Memorial Altar on 50th Birthday

Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225, dedicated a beautiful new memorial altar on the evening of its 50th anniversary celebration. Placed as it is in the main entrance hall on the first floor of the building, the altar must be passed by everyone who enters or leaves the lodge home.

The base and floor of the sanctuary are constructed of black Vermont marble. The wainscoting is of Mankato curly ledge marble and the pedestal of Mankato cream ledge marble. The ceiling is covered with gold leaf. A perpetual light,

installed in the ceiling structure, is lighted at all times. Upon the altar is a loose leaf steel book. When a member dies, a compilation of his life history, a record of his lodge activities and a brief but complete history of his civil, family and fraternal life are recorded in the book. In the sanctuary are side lights for the convenience of those persons who wish to look up the histories of deceased members.

The idea of erecting a perpetual memorial where the life histories of departed members would be given, and not merely the dates of birth and death,

was conceived by Charles Wagen, a member of Mankato Lodge. I. N. Tompkins, the lodge historian, assisted by old timers of No. 225, performed fine work in going back into old files and compiling the histories of all of the early members.

Winston, N. C., Lodge Gives War Bonds and Stamps as Essay Prizes

Awards of United States War Bonds and Stamps were presented to the three winners in the patriotic essay contest sponsored in the high schools of Forsyth

Right: E. R. Norcross of Camden, N. J., Lodge is shown on the occasion of the initiation of three State Senators, Bruce A. Wallace, Robert C. Hendrickson and I. Grant Scott.



At bottom is a class of candidates initiated into the Order at Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, when Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland visited there.





Above are Huron, S. D., Lodge's Elks Chorus which was recently awarded a citation for the services it has performed for the American Red Cross.

Right are members of Herrin, Ill., Lodge with four wheelchairs they presented to Herrin Hospital.



County by Winston, N. C., Lodge, No. 449, on the subject, "How Can I Help Win the War?" The contest was open to students of the various high schools and to Boy and Girl Scouts. Fred S. Hutchins, Chairman of the County Civilian Defense Council, presented a \$25 bond to Miss Doris C. Newsome, a student at John W. Hanes High School, whose essay was judged the best, \$10 in stamps to Miss Doris Everhart, of James A. Gray High School, who won second prize, and \$5 in stamps to Miss Martha Myers, of Old Town High, third place winner.

The presentation ceremonies were held in the lodge quarters in the presence of many of the members. E.R. J. Fred Richardson reported the receipt of several hundred entries and commented upon their general excellence.

"Early Bird Breakfast" at New York Lodge No. 1 Honors Trustee A. Lenz

Trustee Albert J. Lenz, of New York Lodge No. 1, was tendered a breakfast by the "Early Birds" on Sunday, March 29. The attendance was larger than at any of the previous "Early Bird Breakfasts", so popular with members of the

lodge. Many ladies were present.

P.E.R. William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was Toastmaster. The speakers were E.R. Charles J. Garrison, Est. Lead. Knight Pelham St. George Bissell, Secy. Moses Altmann, P.D.D. Charles J. Conklin, Thomas Burchill, President, and P.E.R. George A. Hopkins, Trustee, of the Tough Club, John Nugent, President of the New York Society, and the Reverend Father Gilbert of St. Stephen's Church. Mr. Lenz was praised by the speakers for his executive and fraternal

Below are more than 600 members of Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge who attended a Spring Party and Dance in April.

work, his fine character and his genial personality. Many of his colleagues from the Port Authority were present.

The 50th Anniversary Celebration Of Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge

A patriotic ceremony on Saturday, April 11, climaxed the four-day celebration of the Golden Anniversary of Steubenville, O., Lodge, No. 231. Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, honor guest on the final day of the observance, received from P.D.D. Frank G. Thomas, General Anniversary Chairman, a \$1,000 contribution to the Elks War Fund and witnessed delivery by Postmaster George Conroy to Trustee William Schaefer of





\$15,000 worth of War Bonds. The anniversary program was opened on April 6 with the installation of new officers, one day short of 50 years from the date of the lodge's institution. Thursday night was Ladies Night. The Golden Anniversary Ball was held the next evening. Friday features were Open House and a reception for several hundred guests, including members of other fraternal and civic organizations of the city.

From the time of his arrival early Saturday morning, until his departure shortly before midnight, the Grand Exalted Ruler was royally entertained. A reception committee headed by Judge Arthur L. Hooper, Chairman, met his train and escorted him to his suite in the Hotel Fort Steuben where a reception to the officers of the lodge and the anniversary committee was held at ten o'clock. At noon the officers and committee members entertained Judge Mc-

Above are young men preparing to become Flying Cadets under the sponsorship of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge.

Clelland at a beautifully appointed luncheon at the Williams Country Club at Weirton, W. Va. Among the guests were leading officials of the Weirton Steel Company and the Wheeling Steel and Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporations. After the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a coast-to-coast radio audience from the Williams Club and later greeted the Steubenville members in the lodge home. With him in the receiving line were the three surviving charter members, W. R. Johnson, George M. Crawford and David W. Beall. Promptly at four o'clock the Grand Exalted Ruler took part in the ceremony of reconstituting the lodge. The officers of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, reenacted the ceremony which their

predecessors performed 50 years ago. The initiation of a class of nearly 100 candidates for Steubenville Lodge and other lodges of the Ohio, Southeast, District followed. Judge McClelland addressed the new members on the patriotic privileges and duties of the Order.

More than 500 attended the Fiftieth Anniversary Banquet held at 6:30 in the Fort Steuben Hotel ballroom. Among those seated with the Grand Exalted Ruler at the speakers' table were Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., D.D. Albert Schwartz, of Uhrichsville, O., Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and E.R. C. B. McCann, Steubenville, General Chairman F. G. Thomas, immediate Past Exalted Ruler Edward Worstall, under whose direction plans for the celebration were prepared and executed, Toastmaster Carl H. Smith, Mayor James T. Welch and the charter members. Judge McClelland delivered the principal address. At the conclusion of his talk, the lodge presented him with a full dinner service of fine china, locally manufactured. The evening ended with a stag attended by more than 600 Elks and guests.



The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Annual Convention Dates for 1942

Association	City	Date
North Dakota	Fargo	May 31, June 1-2
New Jersey	Elizabeth	June
Idaho	Boise	June 4-5-6
New York	Niagara Falls	June 4-5-6
Utah	Provo	June 5-6
Wyoming	Cody	June 5-6
South Dakota	Madison	June 7-8
Indiana	Fort Wayne	June 6-7-8-9
Kentucky	Ashland	June 7-8-9
Minnesota	Winona	June 13-14
Nebraska	Kearney	June 13-14-15
Iowa	Sioux City	June 13-14-15
Washington	Walla Walla	June 18-19-20
Michigan	Pontiac	June 18-19-20-21
Massachusetts	Swampscott	June 20-21
Montana	Butte	July 2-3-4
Wisconsin	Ashland	Aug. 13-14-15
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 23 to 28
Pennsylvania	Erie	Aug. 24-25-26-27
Colorado	Grand Junction	Sept. 4-5-6
California	Fresno	Sept. 24-25-26
*Date not yet set.		

Above, left, are shown a group of Flying Cadets enrolled under the auspices of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge. Many of these lads are now in service.

Left are some of the 140 Flying Cadets sponsored by Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge. Below them are Lin Wanbaugh, Mayor Howard E. Milliken, Lt. Col. K. B. Lemon and Governor Arthur H. James, who gave them a formal send-off.



Above are prominent Ohio Elks who were present at the re-dedication of the home of Conneaut Lodge.



Left are 150 U. S. Army Cadets on the steps of the Washington, D. C., Lodge home, where they were sworn in. Washington Lodge has turned over a floor of its building to the U. S. Army Air Corps Cadet Examining Board for the duration.

Convention of Fla. State Elks Assn. Is Held at Lake Worth

The 37th Annual Convention of the Florida State Elks Association, entertained delightfully by Fort Worth Lodge No. 1530, adjourned on Tuesday, April 21, after three days of entertainment and business. Three hundred Elks registered for the convention and thirty of the State's thirty-seven lodges were represented. One hundred and two ladies attended. The convention sessions were

presided over by Lovik B. Sparkman, of Tampa, the retiring president. Lakeland was selected as next year's meeting place.

Election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach; District Vice-Presidents: Northwest, Adrian E. Langford, Pensacola, Northeast, Wallace E. Sturgis, Ocala, Central, Areal C. Sage, Daytona Beach, Southeast, Otto C. Stegemann, Miami Beach, Southwest, John C. Brown, Clearwater; Treasurer,

Claude L. Johnson, Tallahassee; Historian, Irvin Gates, Tallahassee; Tiler, W. R. Jackson, Lake Worth; Executive Committee member for three years, Harold Colee, St. Augustine. Officers appointed by Mr. Wall are Edward F. Stumpf, West Palm Beach, Secretary, Peter Gessner, DeLand, Sergeant-at-Arms, Father Thomas Colreavy, Clearwater, New Chaplain, and William Whitehead, Smyrna, Organist. The new officers were installed by P.D.D. James J. Fernandez, of Tampa, assisted by Sergeant-at-Arms of Tampa, assisted by Sergeant-at-Arms of Lake City, and Frank E. Thompson, of Lake City, and Chaplain Milton Weiss. In his acceptance speech, Mr. Wall promised continued aid to the national war effort and to the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla.

One of the highlights of the convention was the Memorial Service held on Tuesday at 11 a.m. The principal address was given by the Reverend Frank Alvarez, of Pahokee Lodge No. 1638. The service was opened with the Elks' Toast given by Mr. Stegemann who followed the Toast with a rendition of Thana-topsis, with appropriate stage settings. The Lord's Prayer was sung by Ben Decker of Radio Station WMPG. The



Left: Michigan State Cribbage Champions of South Haven Lodge, shown with runner-up team from Alma, and the committee hosts at Battle Creek.

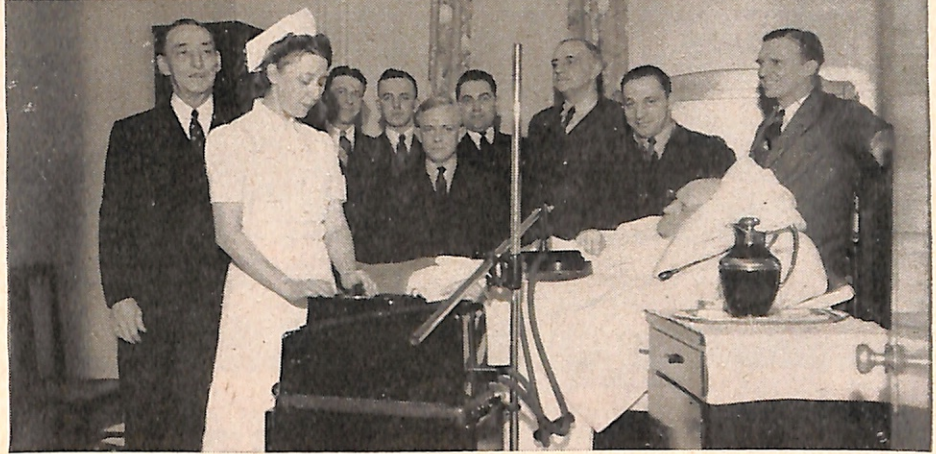
Below are members of Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge who held a banquet to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.





Above are the Past Exalted Rulers of Pontiac, Ill., Lodge who were guests of honor at a banquet recently.

Right are members of Huntingdon, Pa., Lodge who were present at the demonstration of the diathermy machine which they presented to the J. C. Blair Memorial Hospital.



45-minute service was broadcasted and many favorable comments were received.

The ritualistic contest was held on Sunday afternoon followed by Open House, a buffet supper and a floor show. On Monday the convention was opened with patriotic services and the roll call of officers and lodges. A fish fry was given at noon at The American Legion Home and in the afternoon convention sessions were held and committee reports received. The President's Ball and Dinner at the Boynton Beach Woman's Club concluded the Monday program. Past State Pres. J. Edwin Baker, of West Palm Beach Lodge, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children which is maintained by the Elks of Florida, was the principal speaker at the Tuesday morning session. Mr. Baker reported that there were facilities for 75 children but that the average was 45, and asked the delegates to seek out children in need of hospitalization and arrange to send them to the Harry-Anna Home. The Home operates on a budget of \$46,500 a year. The Elks contribute \$24,500 and the State Crippled Children's Society \$22,000.

Right: Elks of Winona, Minn., Lodge, shown as they presented a combination resuscitator, aspirator and respirator to the local Fire Department.

Below are officers of Lewiston, Ida., Lodge shown at a banquet when Grand Est. Loyal Knight E. D. Baird and D.D. Edward Tobias were present.

Vancouver, Wash., Lodge Initiates A Large Class; Remodels Quarters

Coincident with the completion of a \$50,000 expansion and remodeling program, Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823, climaxed its Win the War Class membership drive with the initiation of 61 new members in March, the largest single group inducted in several years. The lodge is now provided with quarters as modern as any in the State. An ex-

tension constructed over the first floor of an adjoining building increased the floor space and allowed for the addition of several extra rooms, including a dining room, a banquet hall and a lounge.

The lodge was visited by District Deputy Guy E. Taylor, of Centralia Lodge, on April 7. During the meeting, the District Deputy installed the new officers. They are headed by Exalted Ruler Dale McMullen.

(Continued on page 51)





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and Grand Secretary Masters are shown at the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, Fla.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND EXALTED RULER John S. McClelland made the first of a series of official visitations in Alabama on March 3. He was met at Birmingham by a large and enthusiastic delegation headed by E.R. Thomas F. McDowell, Secy. John F. Antwine, D.D. Harry K. Reid, Est. Loyal Knight Maurice Walsh, Chairman of the Reception Committee, and Past State Pres. Clarence M. Tardy, all of Birmingham Lodge No. 79, and George A. Swim, of Tuscaloosa, Pres. of the Ala., State Elks Assn. The Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to a suite in the Tutwiler Hotel and at noon was the guest at an informal luncheon. At 3 p.m., Judge McClelland, accompanied by the above mentioned Elks, made a pilgrimage to Elmwood Cemetery where they paid tribute to the memory of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen, and the Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath

of flowers upon the grave. At six-thirty, Judge McClelland attended a meeting of Birmingham Lodge in its commodious quarters, at which time a class of more than 40 candidates was initiated by the State championship degree team headed by Judge McDowell. Introduced by Mr. Reid, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the new members. Handy Ellis, a member of the class, responded.

After the meeting, a banquet was held at the Tutwiler Hotel in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, with more than 300 Elks and ladies present. At the speakers' table were Judge McClelland, Judge and Mrs. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. Tardy, Mr. and Mrs. Swim,

Below: Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow and Mr. McLean with Omaha, Neb., Lodge officers and the Lodge's second unit of Flying Cadets.

E.R. Roland Seal, of Bessemer Lodge No. 721, and E.R. Samuel C. Brodie, of Ensley Lodge No. 987, all of whom were introduced by Judge McDowell. Mr. Walsh was Toastmaster. An entertaining floor show was presented. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on the program of the Order and praised the work of the Alabama State Elks Association in its sponsorship of the crippled children program. On behalf of Birmingham, Ensley and Bessemer Lodges, Mr. Antwine presented Judge McClelland with a United States War Bond. Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland, serving for Georgia, North, and Mr. Antwine, for Alabama, North, were District Deputies the same year, 1921-1922, having been appointed by the late W. W. Mountain during his administration as Grand Exalted Ruler. After the banquet, the tables were removed for dancing.

On Wednesday, March 4, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Reid, Mr. Antwine, Mr. Tardy, Mr. Swim, and Clarence Hiltbruner, of Birmingham Lodge, Secretary of the Crippled Children's Committee, visited Gadsden Lodge No. 1314. They were met several miles out of Gadsden by a large delegation of Gadsden members, including Mayor Herbert J. Meighan, E.R. Albert M. Rains, Secy. J. Lowrey Rogers, and P.E.R. Charles H. Echols. The Grand Exalted Ruler, riding in the car with Mayor Meighan and District Deputy Reid, led a long procession of automobiles to the lodge home where greetings were exchanged with the members



Right: Judge McClelland is shown with officers of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge when he visited there.

Below, right: Judge McClelland is shown in the office of Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago, Ill., Lodge. With him are prominent members of that Lodge.

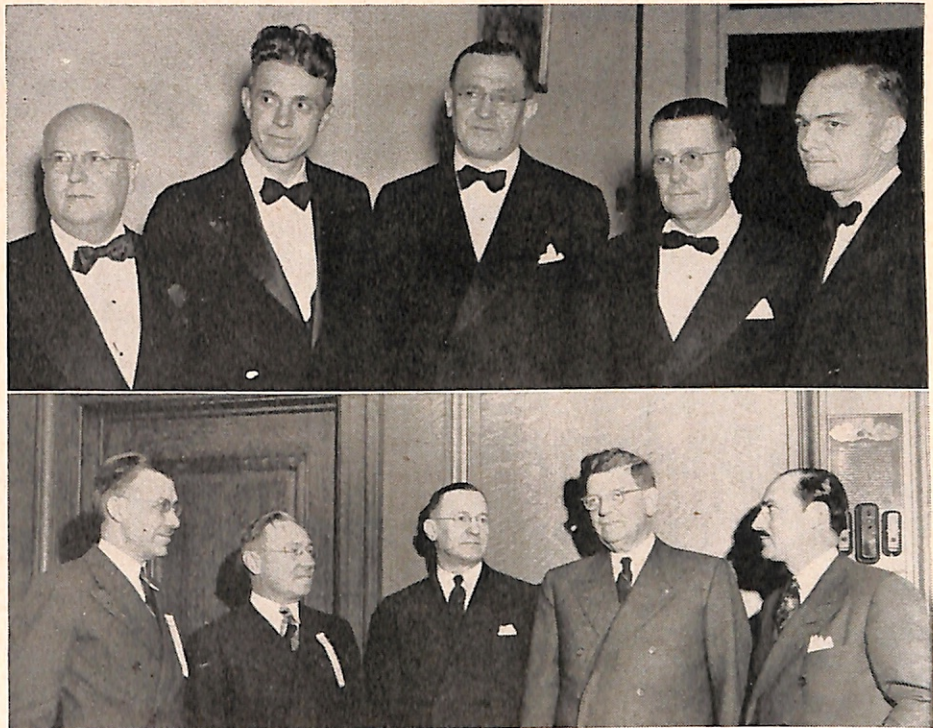
who had assembled to meet the visitors. The party was then escorted to the Reich Hotel for a lodge meeting during which the Gadsden officers initiated a large class of candidates. The ceremonies were followed by a banquet given by the lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, at which the members and visitors were guests. Exalted Ruler Albert Rains was Toastmaster. The welcoming address was made by Mayor Meighan. In his speech, the Grand Exalted Ruler complimented the lodge on its outstanding welfare program, mentioning, in particular, its gift of an iron lung to the county.

On March 5, Judge McClelland, Mr. Reid and Mr. Tardy were met on the outskirts of Cullman by officers and members of Cullman Lodge No. 1609, among whom were E.R. John F. Imbusch, Secy. Jack Moyers, Chairman of the Reception Committee Jim Folsom, and P.E.R.'s L. A. Mackentepe and George Stiefelmeyer. After an inspection of the spacious and beautiful lodge home, the distinguished visitors were guests of the lodge at a luncheon served on tables placed to form a V for Victory, a beautiful arrangement. Toastmaster George Stiefelmeyer presided. The meeting which followed was opened by the singing of "America", led by Jack N. Huie. The Invocation was given by the Reverend Father Marion. Judge McClelland was welcomed to Cullman by Mayor J. A. Dunlap. D.D. Harry K. Reid, introduced by the toastmaster, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered a stirring message to the assembled Elks, speaking on the Grand Lodge program and outlining the activities of the Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were escorted while in Cullman to the beautiful Ave Maria Grotto on the outskirts of the city.

The Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Decatur Lodge No. 655. The party was escorted into the city by a large delegation of the members headed by E.R.

Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Inner Guard Hugh W. Hicks and D.D. W. P. Moss are shown at Jackson, Tenn., Lodge's 50th Anniversary celebration.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with members of Cullman, Ala., Lodge when he attended a banquet given there in his honor.



Philip S. Dinsmore, Secy. Robert Rice and Chairman of the Defense Committee Butler P. A. Hines. A parade through the principal streets was followed by a reception at the lodge home. The Decatur officers led by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Dinsmore, then initiated a Win the War Class. The ceremonies were followed by an elaborate banquet attended by the lodge members, visiting Elks and their ladies. Judge Seybourn Lynne presided as Toastmaster. At the end of a delightful floor show, Judge Lynne introduced Mr. Dinsmore and his officers and the visiting District Deputy, Harry K. Reid, who in turn introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, the speaker of the evening. Judge McClelland out-

lined the activities of the Order and the program of the Elks War Commission. Then, on behalf of Decatur Lodge, Judge Lynne presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome Gladstone bag as a token of the esteem and appreciation of the membership. Among the prominent Alabama Elks present and introduced at the meeting were Gilbert Mayer, of Sheffield Lodge No. 1375, Vice-Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., P.E.R. W. S. Eastep, of Florence Lodge, Secy.-Treas. Jack Moyers and P.E.R. L. A. Mackentepe, of Cullman Lodge, P.D.D. B. M. Spielberger, Sheffield, Handy Ellis, of Birmingham Lodge, James Folsom, of Cullman, and E.R. George M. Mahoney, Est. Lect. Knight Senator





Charles E. Shaver, Trustee Jack Langhorne and B. O. Hargrove, all of Huntsville Lodge No. 1648, recently instituted.

On Friday, March 6, the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Antwine on a trip by automobile to Montgomery, Ala. At Pratt Mount on the outskirts of the city, the visitors were met by a large delegation of members of Montgomery Lodge No. 596, including E.R. L. J. Moeller, Mayor Cyrus Brown, Past State Pres. Harry Marks and P.D.D. Thomas E. Martin. A reception was held at the Graystone Hotel. At five o'clock the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the historic home of Montgomery Lodge where an elaborate supper was given in his honor. Later the initiation of the Win the War Class was held in the lodge room. The ceremonies were performed by the officers of Birm-

Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with well known Alabama Elks when Birmingham Lodge tendered a banquet in his honor.

ingham Lodge, State ritualistic champions of Alabama, assisted by Lieutenant Harold J. Arthur, of Burlington, Vt., Lodge, Past Pres. of the Vermont State Elks Assn., who acted as Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Harold Switzer, Est. Loyal Knight of Tuscaloosa, Ala., Lodge, acting as Esquire, and Mr. Antwine acting as Chaplain. The Grand Exalted Ruler made an inspiring talk after which he was presented by P.D.D. Thomas Martin, on behalf of Montgomery Lodge, with a membership in the Blue and Gray Association. Also acting for Montgomery Lodge, Mr. Marks presented Judge McClelland with a United States War

Bond. Other distinguished Elks present were State President George A. Swim, State Chaplain Oscar Fair, Tuscaloosa, Clarence M. Tardy, Birmingham, E.R. A. E. Traylor, Est. Lead. Knight Percy Davis, and P.D.D. Charles DeBardeleben, Selma, Ala., Lodge, and Colonel of Screws, Police Commissioner of the city of Montgomery. At the conclusion of the meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to Maxwell Field where he boarded a plane for Atlanta.

On Monday, March 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Dearborn Station at Chicago, Ill. He was met by a large delegation of members of Chicago Lodge No. 4 headed by E.R. Judge Joseph E. Burke, Frank Jacobson, Chair- man of the Banquet Committee, and man of the P.E.R. Edward J. McArdle, Jr. Judge McClelland was accompanied by Judge Burke to the office of Mayor Edward J. Kelly, who is a member of Chicago Lodge No. 4, and presented to the May-

(Continued on page 48)

Judge McClelland is shown at left with officers of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge when he paid that body a visit.

Below: Judge McClelland is pictured with the John S. McClelland Class which was initiated into Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge in celebration of its anniversary.



RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

On this page are shown classes of candidates recently initiated into the Order. Many are shown with their lodge officers



Miami, Arizona, Lodge



Tucson, Arizona, Lodge



Newton, Kansas, Lodge



Morgantown, West Virginia, Lodge

On this and the opposite page are shown classes of candidates recently initiated into the Order. Many are shown with their lodge officers



Seguin, Texas, Lodge



Springfield, Illinois, Lodge



Nashville, Tennessee, Lodge



Big Rapids, Michigan, Lodge



Logansport, Indiana, Lodge



Elyria, Ohio, Lodge



Cheyenne, Wyoming, Lodge



Vancouver, Washington, Lodge

A New Lodge Is Instituted at Carmi, Illinois

A Letter from Manila Lodge

MANILA LODGE NO. 761

Manila, Philippines

February 19, 1942

Mr. John S. McClelland
Grand Exalted Ruler, B. P. O. Elks
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Brother McClelland:

As Exalted Ruler of Manila Lodge No. 761, I wish to extend fraternal greetings from the much upset Far East. I regret that I am unable to give you much information about Manila as it became necessary for me to leave there when that fair city was evacuated, only a day or two ahead of Japanese occupation. We are quite certain that our building is now occupied by the Japs and that they will not permit our Order to hold meetings. In view of this we are contemplating holding meetings of our Lodge (or at least of Elks from our and from Sister Lodges) in the very near future. Brother S. J. Wilson, our Esteemed Leading Knight, is also an officer in the USNR and is here with me. No other elective officers are here that I know of, though one or more may be a short distance from us and available for meetings if such are permitted by the military authorities. I am proud to report that there are many Elks amongst us and each is doing his part in the war effort in a creditable manner. I have no idea of the number of Elks here, but will endeavor to make up a roster and if possible even a picture of all Elks for your information.

When it became necessary for me to leave Manila I took the liberty of asking Brother E. Byron Ford, PER and a past Deputy (also a Trustee of our Lodge) to act as Exalted Ruler until such time as it became possible to elect someone to take my place. However, I am sure that it has been impossible for our Brethren in Manila to do anything along this line since I left there. It is impossible to give you more information than this. I shall try to keep you informed of developments.

I am proud to state that we were enjoying a most successful year up to the time this war began, with the greatest increase in membership in recent years: more than 60 added by initiation, etc., and about forty more awaiting initiation and "going through the mill". We feel that soon things will right themselves so that we shall be able to carry on as usual.

Cordially and fraternally yours,

EDWARD W. BAYER,
Exalted Ruler.

Lt. (jg) Edward W. Bayer, USNR
16th Naval District

C/O Postmaster, San Francisco



DOLPH L. BRADSHAW

DISTRICT Deputy Dolph L. Bradshaw, of Herrin, Ill., Lodge, with other leading Elks of the State, organized and participated in the institution of a new lodge of the Order, Carmi, Ill., No. 1652, on March 30. Among those present on the auspicious occasion were Dr. C. E. Duff of Lawrenceville, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., State Vice-Pres. E. R. Fichtel, Carbondale, State Trustee Walter Moreland, Metropolis, Frank P. White, Oak Park, Executive Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, and P.E.R. Judge D. F. Rumsey, of Harrisburg Lodge. The following officers were elected and installed: Tom Hall, Exalted Ruler, L. E. Wehrle, Esteemed Leading Knight, Walter Finch, Esteemed Loyal Knight, H. L. McClellan, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Earl Boehringer, Secretary, R. K. Lechner, Treasurer, Hal H. Rice, Esquire, Dockert Harpool, Tiler, Vertis Barlve, Chaplain, Manford B. Finch, Inner Guard, Cliff Newcomb, Trustee for three years, Carl McDaniel, Trustee for two

years, and Paul Zeigler, Trustee for one year.

The population of Carmi is approximately 5,000. Situated until two years ago in what was a farming community, Carmi is now the center of a vast oil and gas district, due to the discovery of oil and gas in White County. Two thousand wells are pumping from many different formations at depths of from 1,250 to 4,000 feet. The city is located at the junction of State Route 1 (U. S. 45) and State Route 14 (Evansville, Ind., to St. Louis, Mo.) It is 40 miles west of Evansville, on the Little Wabash River, and is served by two railroads, the Louisville and Nashville and the Big Four, the C.C.C. and St. L.

Carmi is a city of privately owned homes, ideal for family life. At Burrell's Woods, city recreation park two miles west of town, are shelter houses and ovens. There are eleven churches of various faiths. Nearly 500 students attended the Carmi Township High School this year. Washington and Jefferson, two grade schools for a like number, are housed in new concrete buildings. The Lincoln School for colored students has both grade and high school divisions. The Carmi Public Library, presented by the late Andrew Carnegie, has 7,000 volumes on hand for distribution. *The Carmi Democrat-Tribune*, which has received several first place awards among weekly newspapers in Illinois, was honored with second place in general excellence by the National Editorial Association last year.

Carmi is well managed by competent officials. Sufficient revenue for city activities is furnished by municipally owned light and water plants. The Home Culture Circle (federated club), Business and Professional Women's Club, Kiwanis, Rotary, Masons, Elks, American Legion and its Auxiliary, Junior Aid, Beta Sigma Phi Sorority, American Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Future Farmers of America and Hi-Tri are among the organizations represented.

Many Lodges Buy War Bonds

CONTRIBUTIONS to the war effort are being made on a large scale by Ohio lodges. Figures supplied on April 27 by Charles J. Schmidt, of Tiffin Lodge, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., with but fifty-one of the eighty-four lodges of the State having reported to date, were as follows:


War Bonds Purchased	\$163,412
Elks War Commission	7,405
Red Cross Donations	5,495

More than a thousand dollars had been donated to local Civilian Defense Councils.

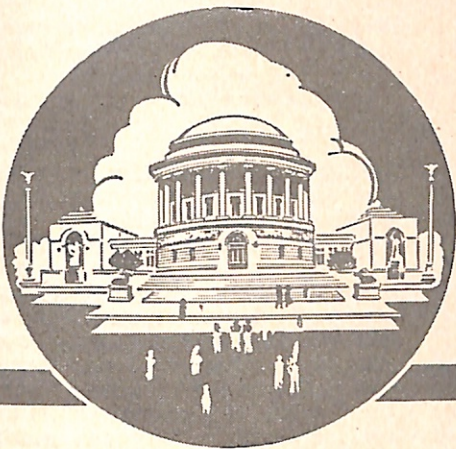
Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, and Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, report equal purchases of bonds in the amount of \$10,000.

An additional purchase of \$4,000 worth of War Bonds by Huntington, W. Va., Lodge, No. 313, raised this lodge's total to \$20,000 the second week in April. At the time, Secy. E. C. Reckard announced that sales of War Stamps at the lodge home during the preceding two months had amounted to \$2,500.

FOR VICTORY



BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1941-1942

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GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

ED. D. BAIRD, Boise, Idaho, Lodge, No. 310, 902 North Eighth Avenue

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

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GRAND CHAPLAIN

REV. FATHER P. H. McGEUGH, (Valley City, North Dakota, Lodge, No. 1110) Sanborn, North Dakota

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HENRY C. WARNER, Dixon, Illinois, Lodge, No. 779
JOSEPH G. BUCH, Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, Broad Street Bank Bldg.

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Wade H. Kepner, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 1308 Chapline Street, Wheeling, West Virginia.

Trial By Fire

(Continued from page 7)

you as home long ago. You were on the edge of leaving for Lisbon that night at Bill's, if you remember."

"Yes. I was—delayed. But you? Are you going home to stay?"

He lit a cigarette for her and watched the mobile curve of her mouth. "Paper thought I needed a rest," he said.

"Or a guardian." The intent look was in her eyes again, not quite ironical, but waiting to be. "Perhaps they needed a live newspaperman more than a dead hero."

He felt his face go blank. "Perhaps," he said quietly. "It's cold outside but the air's darned good. New and unused. Care to take a turn?"

She went with him at once, still watching him, her eyes suddenly uncertain. The deck was slick with spray; the old ship, laden to her Plimsoll mark, took the seas the hard way. She ploughed and shuddered and came up and rolled, then repeated the performance. Ann Carpenter took his arm and they made their way carefully forward. She was, he thought, the satisfactory kind of person who felt no need for continuous conversation, and he didn't feel like talk himself.

Finally she said, "Dr. Hummel is afraid of all manner of horrors. Torpedoes, plane raids, all the rest of it. He's in a dreadful nervous state."

"Dr. Hummel?"

"Fritz Hummel." The name was vaguely familiar to him; something to do with science. Oh, yes, the German bio-chemist. He remembered that he was half Jewish and had been a figure in the Weimar Republic, which was usually a fatal combination under Hitler.

"I didn't know he was on board," he said. "I'd have guessed he was dead."

"He got away," she said. She was looking away from him, over the darkening sea. "He was a friend of my father. We met by chance. I got him his passage and have been looking out for him. He's lonely and—afraid." She paused for a moment. "Do you think there's much chance of an attack?"

He shrugged. "Who knows?"

She was looking at him again. "I suppose the idea doesn't bother you at all."

He met her look squarely. "Of course it bothers me. It bothers the hell out of me."

"Oh—I thought—"

He said, "Shall we go back? It's getting almighty cold."

THE pain ran through all his body. It ran like water into a glass, filling it and overflowing. It was worse in his right side, his right leg. He thought, "In a minute I'll be clear back and I'll open my eyes. I'm almost ready, but not quite."

Then he was aware of his disem-

bodied mind again. It was still there, and it was not ready to let him be. He struggled against it but as before, it would not loose its hold. He thought, "I've remembered enough; this is the place to stop remembering. It's all right up to now, but it mustn't go on."

He thought, "If the voice would speak to me now, I might be able to escape the mind. The voice would be something to take hold of and pull myself clear with." But the voice did not speak. It was not there.

HE SPENT a bad night and was on deck early, tired and irritable, half wishing he'd waited and taken a chance on getting clipper passage later on. But an hour on deck gave his spirits a lift; the sea was rough enough but he'd seen far worse, and he was a good sailor.

It was eight o'clock when Ann Carpenter appeared with a short man past middle age, and he realized that he had been half-consciously waiting for her. He walked down the deck and said good morning.

She turned quickly and her smile was warm and full. "Dr. Hummel—Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker's a newspaperman, Doctor." Dr. Hummel looked up at him with the vague, nervously hopeful eyes of a child who has been abused. His hand was weak and cold to the touch.

They started the rounds of the deck and Roger Baker walked between them, his shoulder occasionally touching Ann's. The little contacts gave him a warm feeling of pleasure and he glanced sidelong at her, noticing the line of her chin and the errant locks of crisp brown hair that escaped the scarf she had wound around her head. He liked the way she walked, he thought idly, with long, sure strides.

IT WAS Dr. Hummel who first saw the spiral of smoke on the horizon. He stopped, and the hand that adjusted his glasses trembled. He pointed, and looked from one to the other of them. "It could be a raider," he said, his voice pale.

Roger Baker stared at it and thought that it most certainly could be a raider. He felt a swift chill down his spine; he'd talked with people who'd survived attacks at sea and they'd been all too vivid. But Dr. Hummel's eyes were desperate and bleak, and Ann Carpenter was looking to him for help. "Not a chance in a thousand," he said. Oddly enough, it was true. But he felt a good deal better himself when the smoke lessened and the unseen ship went its way on another course.

Dr. Hummel turned to him with an empty smile. "I was not a coward—once," he said quietly.

The subject was dropped. It was, Ann Carpenter said, time for break-

fast. She looked at him for a second and again, her eyes seemed to be waiting to be ironical.

They had a bad breakfast in a small dining saloon that was crowded to the guards. Then Ann Carpenter and Dr. Hummel left and he spent a short time forward, watching the ship cut ponderously into the rolling sea. He caught himself searching the horizon and cursed Dr. Hummel for an alarmist. If they were attacked—he thought grimly of panic, of screaming, of the frantic, futile fight for order. It would be a miracle if half the passengers survived. And where would Roger Baker be in all this? Not standing on a roof-top making himself watch a great city, back to the wall, fighting fire and destruction and unnameable horror. There would be more than watching to this, more than taking the remote chance of being hit by a bomb. He went back to his cabin, feeling cold.

He lit a cigarette and found himself thinking again of Ann Carpenter. It was odd. She had not consciously entered his mind at all. It was as if she had been there all the time, in the background, waiting for an opportunity to take her rightful, important place in his thoughts. He leaned back, the cigarette forgotten between his fingers, and thought then that he could hear her voice and see the way she smiled and the way her eyes changed color in the light. He did not resent the waiting irony in her eyes; she was close to the monster in his mind, but she would never get any closer and she would never understand. Somewhere in her was a question about him, she did not take him for granted, did not take his roof-top bravery for granted as all the others did. She questioned it, and suspected him of something, but he was grateful for it, less alone.

The siren wailed like a banshee. He jumped up, his head ringing with it. Then the siren stopped and he knew it must be only lifeboat drill. Overhead was a scampering of feet and the sound of voices giving orders. He'd gone through his share of boat-drills and decided to remain in the cabin. But when he sat down again his nerves were twitching.

Ann, he thought again. It had been a long time since he had thought of a woman sentimentally. He had grimly schooled himself to keep aloof, safely aloof. Marriage could be a small black dog with eager, loyal eyes. Marriage could be something that trusted you blindly, one more thing that you could fail. No more, no less.

He rubbed a hand roughly across his face, threw his cigarette to the floor and ground it to nothing.

IT WOULD be very soon now, the coming back. But he was afraid it would not be soon enough. He was

in dangerous waters, vague and dark and confused. He could not be sure where the danger was, he only knew that it was there. It hurt his head to try to figure it out, and nothing came of it.

He wanted the voice. Desperately. He tried to cry out. He didn't know whether he succeeded or not. The voice did not come to him. It was not there.

The pain was sharp now, strong and certain. But it didn't bother him. It was such a small thing. And there was the big thing that he had to escape. But the voice had deserted him and he was trapped.

He felt the mind coming to life again. He no longer struggled against it. He surrendered to it and knew without hope that soon the terror would begin. He was powerless and lost. He would be one with the terror.

THE queer thing was that he was thinking of it when it happened. He had been awake for a long time and he guessed the hour to be shortly after dawn. Then he was thinking of Ann Carpenter again, and not minding that he was awake. He would always think of her, no matter where he was, and it was little enough of her to have, he thought. If anything happened he must see that she was safe. . . .

It happened then, and for a few seconds he knew it had happened, yet the confusion in his mind was so sudden and so great that he couldn't move. There was a strange, dull sound somewhere aft, and immediately following it the shriek of the siren. It wasn't boat drill this time, he thought, lying very still in the bunk, because the siren just kept on shrieking. Abruptly, the ship began to heel over, and that meant she had been hit bad. She wouldn't last long; it had been a perfect hit.

He was out of the bunk then, shouting with the others in the cabin, clawing with them at the life preservers. He threw open the cabin door and the siren was still going madly. Something close to panic was taking hold of him and he dug the nails of one hand into his arm until he could feel the hurt. That helped a little. The thing was to get on deck to his boat station. But there wouldn't be enough boats, and with the ship heeling as fast as she was they probably wouldn't be able to launch them all, even if the crew kept their heads and went about their business the way crews did in heroic movies.

Now they were running out of cabins and many were screaming; an officer was giving orders in a loud, level, agonized voice and no one seemed to pay any attention to him. The officer saw him and said, "For Christ's sake, give me a hand, will you?" So there was nothing else to do but act like the officer and hope the ship wouldn't founder while he was below decks. It was a good thing that his brain was spinning like a top; it was easier that way.

It was cold as the Arctic on deck when he got there and struggled toward his boat station, dodging people who had been completely possessed by hysteria. Men were working at the boats and looked efficient enough, but the davits were old-fashioned and it was a slow job. An officer with a gun in his hand was dispassionately cursing the boat crews, and no one was listening.

He thought, "Ann." She came into his mind with the suddenness of an explosion. He stood very still and forced himself to look about the deck, taking it methodically, probing groups of crowding, milling people, in sections. She wasn't there. She and Hummel had cabins below, the second and third engineers' cabins near the engine room, given over to passengers. She must still be down there, he thought, his mind suddenly clear, probably trying to help Hummel, who most certainly would have immediately gone off his top. The water would be flooding in somewhere down there. She might be trapped.

It was bad getting below. There was no light at all and the steel ladder was pitched at a fantastic angle as the ship settled over on her side. He took it carefully and made it and then ahead was flickering light and he could hurry. It was odd, he thought, but he wasn't frightened at all. He felt nothing. He felt as if he were watching someone else do a hazardous and probably useless thing.

He met no one. Everyone else had apparently escaped to the deck. He wondered what had happened to the poor devils in the engine room if the hit had been there, as he imagined. But now he saw what made the light.

The ship was afire and burning fast. The flames shot out and retreated, then licked forward again. Apparently there was a strong draft behind them. He felt the heat and smelled the oil smoke. Then suddenly fear came and it was as it had been that long time ago when the house had burned. All of it came back in full, awful detail. The blazing stairs and the knowledge of the

dog crouched in a corner, waiting for help. There had been time. Not much, but enough.

He turned to run, and stopped. There was another sound above the roar of the fire. He closed his eyes and listened and the sound came again. "Help!" It was her voice. "Help!" It was a weary voice, without fear or hope. A voice that still shouted the single word because there was nothing else to do.

He took a step toward the flames and was sure the voice came from a cabin that the fire had not reached. It would be a minute or two. There might still be time. There might—

Then the flames seemed to enter into him, all he knew was fear and horror and all he heard was the roar of fire and all he wanted was to reach the deck again. "Ann," he whispered, "Ann, I can't—" Then the bedlam in his mind destroyed all reason, the bedlam was her voice and the hot roar of danger and a dog that had died a long time ago and the pale knowledge that above him was escape and a chance to live. Then he felt and thought nothing.

"MR. BAKER," the voice said, and he opened his eyes.

He closed them at once because the light was too bright. But he had seen that he was in a small, white room. And then he realized that the room was moving. It startled him and he tried to raise himself. A flood of pain followed, most of it concentrated on his right side.

He was quiet again in the moving room, and suddenly he knew where he was. He was on a ship, and judging by her motion she was a big ship. Now he heard her engines, low and powerful and gently throbbing. The last time he had been on a ship—

Memory came swiftly, sickeningly. Then he grasped at a straw—perhaps they wouldn't know. Of course, they wouldn't know. He was one of those rescued, that was all. He could tell them anything. Or nothing, and that would be all right too.

But quickly the conviction melted away. He knew, for some reason he could not quite understand, that he couldn't let it be that way. No matter how much he wanted to. He had to tell them. Whatever was left for him depended on his telling.

"Mr. Baker," the voice said, and for the first time the voice had character. It was warm and precise and friendly. He had to tell the voice first. He had to tell now. He felt the sweat starting out on his body.

He could stand his eyes open now. A tall man with a mustache, wearing a white uniform coat with emblems on the shoulders, stood by the bed. It was a naval ship then, a cruiser or a battleship. He turned his head slowly and saw that there were other cots crowded into the little room, all of them occupied. Some of the occupants lay as if asleep. Others were frankly staring at him with interested eyes.

"Well, you've finally come around," the tall man said. "It's been a



darned long time. For a while, we almost gave you up."

"Listen," he said. He raised a little and the pain was a sudden thing striking him with all its force. The man pressed him gently back. "I have to tell you. It was the same thing I did before. Of course, you don't understand it. But what I did on the ship—"

The tall man raised his hand. "I know about it," he said. "It was—it was darned good going. Miss Carpenter told me. And Dr. Hummel. I don't think they know yet quite how you managed it, and I doubt if you do either. Miss Carpenter had gone in to help Dr. Hummel and the door jammed on them. Apparently you kicked most of your way in to them, and you're going to be favoring that right leg of yours for a long, long time. It was nip and tuck to save it at all. I don't know how much . . . you understand the beating you took—you've some cracked ribs and a few other little matters, but in time—"

"Wait," he said. "Wait a minute."

His mind was beginning to spin again and everything was out of focus. He closed his eyes and thought, "It doesn't make sense. I'm out of my mind." But when he opened his eyes the doctor was still there, looking down at him.

"Listen," he said slowly. "The trouble is, I don't remember. It's all a blank. I didn't know I—" He broke off short, staring at the doctor.

The doctor nodded quietly and leaned close to his ear. "You got them out, Baker. You got them out when there wasn't a chance in a thousand of doing it and getting out yourself. I think I know what's been bothering you. You talked a lot up in the surgery, coming out of the ether. About a dog, and a fire. About fear. And fear of fear. But no one but myself and Miss Carpenter heard enough of it to make sense."

He said, "Ann." He lay quietly for a moment with his eyes closed. "I'm glad she heard."

The doctor smiled. "She seemed glad herself. . . . And probably it'll take you quite a while to realize that

you've cleaned something up for yourself. Cleaned it right off the slate. I'm no psychiatrist, but it would be obvious enough to anyone that you're a man who has to pay debts to himself. Some are like that, some aren't, you know. But when a man like you can't let himself go enough to take care of a thing like that consciously, his subconscious handles it for him, because it has to be that way. It simply has to be that way."

It seemed a long time before he opened his eyes again and looked into the doctor's face. "Ann," he said.

"All right," the doctor said with his quick smile again. "But only for a minute."

Roger Baker watched him go. The doctor cut a fine military figure, he thought absently. And he thought, "He was right, it will be a long time, it will take a long time to realize—"

Ann came in then. He watched her walk toward him, one arm bandaged and hanging in a sling. But her eyes were bright as silver.

See a Silver Lining

(Continued from page 11)

cheaply with ultimate benefits for the consumer.

But what about post-war planes for the average American citizen pilot? There's something coming up here too. First of all there's a Sikorsky helicopter which the Russian wizard has now trained to crawl down to earth from a great height, hang a few feet off the ground—like the marvelous dame in the magician's act—and permit its inventor to eat his lunch off a tray held for him by an earthly minion. Then there's the revolutionary plane wing designed by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics in their \$13,000,000 research "lab" at Langley Field, Va. The NACA engineers have designed a wing that cuts "drag" in half, an invention that aeronautic experts term the greatest single advance in aviation. This astonishing 50% improvement can mean anything the engineers want to make of it, more power, more mileage, cheaper planes. But its most important significance to the average citizen pilot in the world of tomorrow is that it can mean five-passenger family planes flying all over the place at the amazing rate of twenty miles to a gallon of high octane gas.

Wonderful as it is, aviation is not by any means the only industry that war is spurring to sensational efforts. There is, for instance, the Diesel industry.

For years American youngsters were fascinated by "ads" in the pulp magazines that read, "Get in on the ground floor—study Diesel engines—THE COMING INDUSTRY". It seemed to be a very long time coming. But in wartime, things have to be done in a hurry. Diesel engines

with their great, cheaper, smoother power were sorely needed. And what is needed for war industry usually arrives, sooner or later.

Diesels have already made their great power felt. When the Japs threw pepper in our eyes and then socked us in the solar plexus at Pearl Harbor, the call went out for immediate reinforcements. Behind locomotives powered by huge Diesels manufactured at the new General Motors plant, train-loads of vital materials were sped to the Coast for shipment to Honolulu in forty percent less than normal time. Thus 48 valuable hours were saved on each trainload.

IN THESE dangerous days, when each minute gained saves lives, every Diesel-powered locomotive that goes into service, not only pulls its own freight cars over the rails, but releases from two to six steam locomotives for hauling the mounting mass of war materiel.

Seventy American engine manufacturers are now making Diesels. With this war wedge driven deep, peace will find American railroads well along the road to complete Dieselization. This will mean faster, jerkless, sootless passenger service; the speed of freight trains stepped up to today's passenger schedules; more economical and efficient switching in railroad yards eliminating steam, a big reason for "smog" in cities.

When we beat our swords into ploughshares after the war, Diesel motors that propelled tanks, submarines and destroyers, will cheaply and efficiently move trucks, tractors, city and suburban buses.

A popular misconception about Diesels is that they're cheaper because they run on fuel oil. This is only partly true. They do run on fuel oil, much the same oil used in household oil burners, but gasoline at the refinery is almost as cheap as fuel oil; the high price of gas is due to distribution costs and gas taxes. The real reason for Diesel's economy is that the engine itself obtains more useful work from the fuel.

Some cynics have sarcastically prophesied that in a post-war world led by the United States, the WPAs will lean on their shovels from Perth Amboy, N. J., through Upper Tooting (England) to the old Moulmein Pagoda. This is patent nonsense, for Diesel engines will do any WPA work so much more efficiently and economically that unemployment will have to be called leisure, and food and clothing given for victories at volley-ball, as the Diesels, huffing and puffing, build a brave new world for the United Nations.

The analogy between the ballyhoo about the Diesels and the ballyhoo about prefabricated houses is a striking one. In both instances, there was a great deal of talk and very little action. Then the war came: the demand for powerful motors shoved the procrastinating Diesels into action and with new housing problems around mushroomed defense plants, prefabrication was no longer looked upon as a step-child. Amazing things began to be done with prefabricated buildings.

Just to show what could be done, the Navy packed up a 1,000-bed prefabricated hospital, shipped it down to the Caribbean, unloaded it, set it up before the pop-eyed natives and opened the wards for business. Over in Ireland, members of the A.E.F.

were wandering back to their billets after hearty glasses of ale with fair colleens in a pub. Were they returning to clammy shacks made of peat? Begorra, they were not. The boys from the Middlewest brought out their plastic playing cards in dome-shaped prefabricated houses of galvanized steel, cosy and solid in the damp Irish climate.

Now this sort of thing is going to raise the very devil with post-war housing. John Postwar Citizen, having bought a pretty piece of land, isn't going to feel like waiting around for months on end as builders laboriously nail one plank on another. Having seen and possibly even lived in a prefabricated house, he will demand a building to be set up over the weekend and this demand will be fulfilled with a strong, goodlooking, inexpensive prefabricated house.

SO FAR Diesel engines have not been made out of plastics but it wasn't so long ago that plastic airplanes, now a fact, were just a fancy.

Some years ago a "daring" novel called "The Plastic Age" shocked hypocrites. The text of this best seller was far from the fields of scientific endeavor but no more relevant a title could describe the dazzling world of tomorrow that is shaping up today.

War has pushed plastics into all kinds of new channels—some civilian, some military. For instance, the gunner's "blister" on a modern bomber is made of durable, translucent plastic. But plastics' most remarkable role will be one of substitutes and it is entirely possible that this substitution will be so well done that the original article will be forgotten. Assume, for example, that more and more cotton goes into gunpowder. That will mean less and less cotton for dresses and tablecloths. Here pliable plastics may enter *en masse*, with a success equal to their performance as shower curtains and bridge-table covers.

The shortage of aluminum and steel has accelerated the development of plywood once thought of as a flimsy material. Liberally dosed with plastics, plywood has developed new muscles making it strong enough to be interchanged with metal for airplane propellers and radio masts. Used today in ships and airplanes, its perfected post-war use will logically be for economical radios and household furniture. Consider the effect this will have on price: a radio set made of wood—and wood is a good deal cheaper than metal—which sells for \$15 would drop in plastic to less than \$10 a set.

Even in 1941 radio sets and electric refrigerators had 39 plastic parts. These may easily be increased by 10% in the postwar world and this may eventually mean a refrigerator down around my level—that is, \$50.

Early in the war, English and American aviation engineers found that a bullet hitting a plane's gas tank worked havoc as the jagged holes it opened spewed forth precious gasoline. This problem had to be solved quickly. Out of painstaking research came leakproof tanks of synthetic rubber and plastic materials, tanks that automatically sealed the bullet's hole and stopped the loss of the plane's lifeblood. Common sense will not allow this radical improvement to be shelved when the war is over; the logical result will be tires made of similar material to absorb holes made by nails and jagged glass.

At first glance, glass would seem too fragile a product for war uses. But by sandwiching a sheet of translucent plastic between two layers of special glass, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. now has a product called Flexseal that can stand up under two tons of air pressure. Flexseal is a "natural" for airplane windows at high altitudes, the plastic extending beyond the glass, forming a rim that can be fitted into the window frame. Peacetime commercial planes soaring through the stratosphere where pressure is intense can also enjoy Flexseal's benefits.

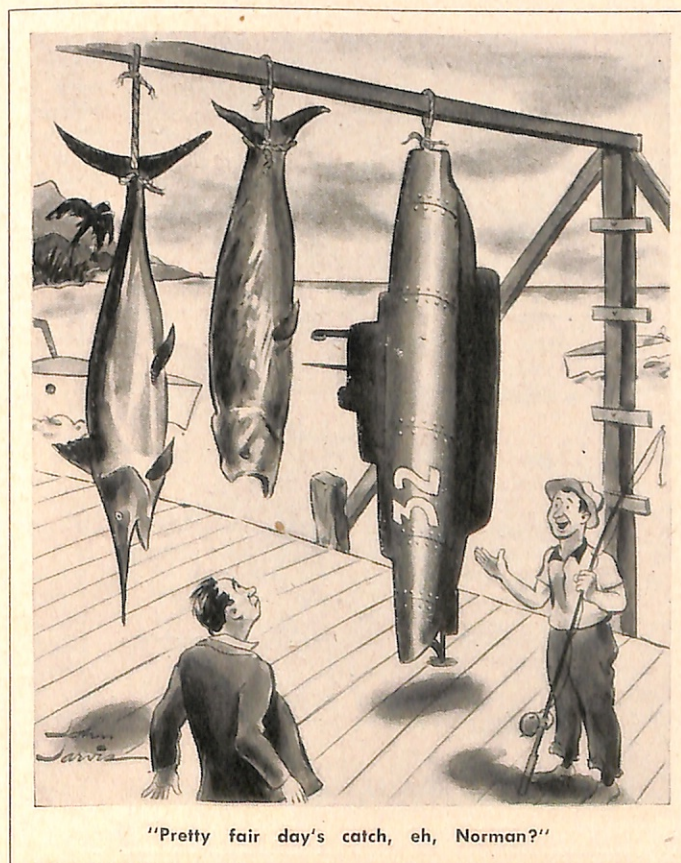
In the 1942 automobiles, last offspring of a celebrated assembly-line, more than 120 parts were made of

plastic, substitutes that made good when called upon to fill gaps left by war shortages. But this is only a pale prophecy, for entire autos, not just parts, have been made of plastic. One of these plastic parts was opaque, the other transparent. The latter would be a great asset to some dynamic dealers anxious for more graphic salestalks, but of course the former opaque model would be more suitable for Junior's excursions with his girl. The plastic auto chassis is strong and is getting stronger, experiment by experiment.

Every driver who has ever tussled with trucks or taxis knows that auto fenders are about as strong as eggshells—one bump and you're stuck for an expensive repair bill. But recently a plasticized auto manufacturer went out on a limb to claim that the plastic postwar fender will be able to hold its lines against a smack ten times as powerful as the blows that crumple the fragile fenders of today's car.

Following up the break-through that plastics have made in wartime Detroit, two new astonishing plastic solutions have entrenched themselves for postwar use. One is a thermoplastic solution that is sprayed on the underside of the steam-cleaned metal parts of auto bodies; this sound-proofs the car. The other, a plastic solution called Muf-L-Cote, seals the undercarriage against snow, rain and dirt.

Plastics seemingly can't lose because they have their bets on everything. If the postwar period finds the automobile as extinct as the brontosaurus, plastics will be found riding the clouds of the future on airplanes. The plastic *putsch* into the aviation industry was slow until war depleted stocks of aluminum and steel. Then plastics plunged forward and, before long, 34 plastic parts had pushed themselves into 34 different places in the anatomy of a bomber. Soon the *putsch* became a parade with plastic used all the way along the line from translucent plastics for tough windshields, through pliable plastics for antennae, to opaque plastics for bumper plates. So remarkable was the plastics' performance that the War Department set up a separate bureau to keep track of their sensational advances and investigate their further wartime uses. Finally the plastic paradise was reached: entire planes made of plasticized plywood were produced. As in other fields, the use of plastics in aviation cut costs. Plane manufacturers have already envisioned a postwar plane that would sell for \$1350; the plasticized



"Pretty fair day's catch, eh, Norman?"

plywood plane would bring this figure down to \$1,000 or less, the cost of a "low-priced" car.

Plastics have come to the rescue of many a war-harassed manufacturer; they have also come to the rescue of a country—Brazil. This great, good neighbor has been burning millions of bags of surplus coffee for years. But with its European trade torpedoed by the war, more and more coffee was fed to the fragrant fires. Something had to be done; plastics did it; North American research came to South America's rescue. A New York laboratory, H. S. Polin Inc., started cooking coffee in test tubes high in their bright, sleek "lab" in the Chrysler Building. Out of their test tubes came Caffelite, a plastic made of green coffee beans that can be used for everything from buttons and inkstands to furniture and flooring materials. The development of Caffelite, a plastic that is pliable or rigid, may wipe out burnt coffee losses of \$500,000,000 in five years! It will also remind South America that the laboratories of the Big Brother to the North, can lick the Nazis at their own game—ingenious ersatz.

Fiberglass is going into the most unexpected places—for instance, the hulls of battleships, where it insulates against the icy cold of Arctic waters. In factories and offices, insulation with fiberglass effectively deadens sound which is something to look forward to in post-war apartment houses and hotels. The Navy has ordered tremendous quantities of canvas; this turned the glass governors' thoughts to glass fiber for tarpaulins and awnings. Abracadabra! Out of the laboratory came glass tarpaulins lighter than canvas and glass fiber awnings that are strong, easily cleaned and do not decay. And as these new things swing into mass production, the adjective "cheaper" will be added to their virtues.

Battleships and shipyards seem pretty remote to the average land-lubber in times of peace. But the postwar citizen will derive benefits from something that has revolutionized ship-building—welding.

Phenomenal fleets were ordered built in a hurry. To speed their launching down the ways, riveting was discarded, welding substituted. Welding was what the doctor ordered. It saved man-power—one welder can stick as much steel together as four riveters and the training of welders saved multiple man-power; it saved 13% weight in the ship's hull from overlapping plates and the rivets themselves which often amounted to as many as 500,000 in one ship; it saved the steel in the holes these rivets would have made; it saved time in welded sections glued together in shops and hauled and hoisted on the ways.

In Detroit, an aeronautical engineer, William Stout, has prophesied that airplanes of

the future would be constructed of thin, welded stainless steel, four times as strong in tensile strength as aluminum.

Buildings too will be welded rather than riveted. A few years ago the sleepy residents of a big city hotel—a businessman who had stayed up late wrestling with his firm's problems, a businessman who had stayed up late at a nightclub wrestling and citizens from other walks of life intent on a late, restful slumber were projected without warning into something closely resembling Dante's Inferno, by the diabolical tack-a-tack-a-tack-a-tack of a riveter jamming hot slots of steel into the skeleton of a new building in the same city block. Tomorrow this maniacal cacophony will be blissfully silenced as welding replaces riveting for good.

Before the war, building commissions apparently suspected welding because it wasn't noisy enough, as some ignoramuses suspected efficient medicines because they weren't bitter enough. After the war, no one will consider rivets for building and the savings in the shipyards and the airplane factories will be reflected in cheaper but stronger buildings, cheaper bridges and planes, trains, buses and boats. The cost of buildings will be cut, rents will be cheaper, fares lower. Pipe dreams? Not at all. Plausible potentials based on scientific developments.

With the rubber supply in the Far East cut off, the government has started work on four, huge, four hundred million dollar plants for the manufacture of synthetic rubber from crude oil. The average car driver will at first look suspiciously at synthetic rubber, but it should reassure him to learn that tests on heavy trucks have shown synthetic rubber tires to be good for almost twice as much mileage as natural rubber tires. Moreover, synthetic rubber derived from crude oil and various substances seems to be inoculated against the deteriorating effect of lubricating oil in the many industrial instances where they meet.

Long before the Japs overran our

rubber sources in Malaya, the auto and airplane industries used well over 100 different parts of a synthetic rubber called Neoprene. In some instances, Neoprene is better than natural rubber. For example, certain chemicals used in refrigeration, swell and dissolve rubber but have practically no effect on Neoprene. This gives you an idea of what synthetic rubber has already accomplished. With war millions being spent on it and researchers subjecting it to all the marvelous treatments of modern science, synthetic rubber should eventually work down nearly to the price level of natural rubber becoming cheaper and better as it becomes more plentiful.

Good goods come from an ill wind. Not only good goods but good customs. Before the last war it was considered effeminate to wear a wristwatch. But officers in the trenches found them indispensable in timing zero hour attacks and once associated with virility, wristwatches were here to stay and benefit mankind.

What good customs will come out of this war? Could it be that men's clothes which have been almost literally in a straitjacket for decades, will become sensible? American males are so conservative and self-conscious, that to enter a business office without a necktie would be almost as embarrassing as the old nightmare about walking naked down Main Street.

One day early this year, Americans were amazed to see pictures of the British Empire's leader in his siren suit, an eminently sensible get-up that may well revolutionize men's wear. And the revolution is overdue. Last summer an Englishman arrived in New York from India during a suffocating Manhattan heat wave. In India's heat the Englishman had strolled around in a pith helmet, "shorts" and a shirt open at the neck; in "civilized" attire and in New York heat, he almost collapsed. Freedom of the over-clothed male is due; war and Winston Churchill's leadership may bring it. In 1918, our soldiers brought home the wrist-

watch from the battlefields of Europe. In this war, returning from such battlefronts as Africa and the South Pacific, they will probably be so impressed by tropical uniforms that they will demand similar sensibility for our civilized summer ovens.

Already the army has adopted a stream-lined plastic helmet that is as tough as it is light. A modification of this might be the headgear of the future protecting its civilian wearer not only against sun and rain but against falling objects such as chunks of ice and empty beer bottles.

War is as black a cloud as the gods of evil could conjure up. But given our ingenuity, resourcefulness and wonderful laboratories, it is a cloud that has a silver lining.



A Man About a Dog

(Continued from page 21)

The dog came over and sat down beside Bill. "Take him after pheasants and they'll run him to death."

"That's Hebert's lookout," Mr. Lucas said. "All I'm interested in is keepin' him well and happy till he gets here." He picked up the beer. "He seems to like you, doesn't he?"

"As well as anybody, I guess," Bill said. The dog still maintained that air of detachment and expectation. "He probably figures I'm all right as long as I let him out of that cage and fed him."

Mr. Lucas brightened a little. "Fed him, did you?" He took a drink of beer and said hopefully, "I don't suppose you and Molly could keep him for a few days."

"Yessir," Bill said, "I guess we could."

"I'd appreciate it," Mr. Lucas said. It seemed to take a load off his mind. Bill picked up the lead, and Mr. Lucas yelled after him, "Keep an eye on him so he can't run away, will you, Bill?" and added as an afterthought, "And for God's sake, don't eat him."

The dog was no trouble. He licked young William's face occasionally, and ate his meals, and the rest of the time he spent flattened on the floor with his nose pointed toward the door, resigned and patient.

He was some company for Molly, though, when Bill was gone, and that was most of the time these days. The weather had cleared and they were running some stock in from the hills for Fall shipment. Bill was up early, and gone late, and saddle weary when he got home. But finally they had pushed the last steer up the loading chutes and closed the last door. Artie and Dick were making the trip to Chicago. They had their last drink at the Cattlemen's Rest, and lugged their grub boxes on board. Bill gathered up their horses at the hitching rack and lit out for home.

Mr. Hebert had arrived from New York. Bill had seen him once or twice at a distance, a slender, grey-haired, immaculate man. Not the type you'd think would go in for hunting. He spent most of his time at the ranch house with Mr. Lucas, and that was to be expected, but he had never called for his dog, and there was something funny about that.

It turned out that part of his duty as a hand was to show Mr. Hebert where to shoot grouse. Ordinarily that wouldn't come under the head of hard labor, but the way it turned out it wasn't exactly sport either. Bill took him out twice, and maybe he was a good businessman in New York, but he was strictly low grade as a wing shot. He hadn't brought a gun along, and he was using an old double-barrelled rig that belonged to Mr. Lucas. That could

have been part of his trouble, but even taking that into consideration, nobody but a rank amateur could miss seventeen straight birds at an average distance of twenty yards. He ought to go back to throwing rocks, Bill thought.

He was disgusted, and so was the dog. The Labrador was a hunter. He got lots of birds up but nobody brought any down for him to retrieve. The second day out they were resting from a long climb, and the dog was doing a little scouting on his own. Mr. Hebert ordered him back.

"Duke, come here."

The dog looked over his shoulder for a minute and then went on ranging.

"He don't mind you very well, does he?" Bill said.

It was the wrong thing to say. Mr. Hebert shot him a quick angry look. He acted upset about something for a minute, and then he mumbled about having the dog in a kennel most of the time and not getting to take him hunting very often. Bill pinched his cigarette out between his fingers, and ground the remains into the dirt with the heel of his boot. He don't need to act like I'd accused him of stealing or something, he thought; and right then the doubt began to grow in his mind.

It was foolish and he knew it. It wasn't any of his business either, and he knew that too, but it didn't stop him from having ideas. A part of it was loyalty, he guessed. Everything he had right then he owed to Mr. Lucas, and it seemed to him that there was some sort of an obligation in looking out for his employer's interests. The rest of it was that he was feeling discouraged and miserable, and he wanted to take it out on somebody.

He mentioned the matter to Mr. Lucas just once. Mr. Lucas was down in the corral with Spanish looking at a horse that had pulled up lame, and Bill brought the matter up casually, as though he were just making conversation.

"I GUESS you knew this Mr. Hebert a long time before he ever came out here."

"No," Mr. Lucas said. "No, I never set eyes on him before. Why?"

"I was just curious," Bill said.

Mr. Lucas looked up at him. "You aren't goin' to start gettin' Indian on me all of a sudden, are you?"

"No sir," Bill said. "I just had an idea. . . ." His voice trailed off. "Maybe it's just that I don't cotton to him very much."

Mr. Lucas let go of the hoof he had been examining. "Son, if I only did business with the people I liked I wouldn't do scarcely any business at all. Do you understand me?"

Bill leaned back against the snubbing post. He wanted to explain how he felt, and why he felt that way, but it sounded pretty lame when he tried to put it into words. And besides that, Mr. Lucas had turned his back and was walking across the corral. He turned at the gate. "You'll get one of those Siwash hunches someday," he said, "and think yourself right out of a job." He went on walking.

He meant it too. He was a fair-minded man, and he was kind, but he could be strict when he wanted to. You couldn't blame him for that either, Bill thought. A man didn't want to be told how to run his business by a hired hand. He kept staring at the gate after Mr. Lucas had gone.

Spanish hadn't opened his mouth to say anything. He slapped the lame horse on the rump and squinted at his action when he trotted away. Finally he said, "Looks like you come pretty close to gettin' yourself snarled in your own loop."

"It looks that way."

"I'm an old man," Spanish said, "and there's one thing I've always noticed. If a man wants to lose his shirt he's bound to get annoyed if you try to keep him from it. I wouldn't crowd that range if I was you."

Molly told him the same thing later. Young William was sound asleep, and the dog was sprawled in front of the fireplace, his nose toward the door, watchful and expectant. Seeing him there brought the idea back to Bill's mind and he told Molly what he thought about Mr. Hebert. She shook her head. She had good judgment usually, and it was easy to see that she had her doubts about it. "Maybe you're right," she said, "but it sounds far-fetched to me." Then she said, "There isn't anything you could do about it anyway."

"No," Bill said, "I guess maybe there isn't at that."

It turned out there was something he could do though, and finally he got around to doing it. He kept mulling the idea around in his mind and the more he thought of it the more certain he felt. The upshot of it was that he crawled out on the end of the limb and sawed himself off. He got the address off the shipper's tag on the dog's crate, and borrowed Emory Stevens' typewriter for an hour of pretty heavy composition, and finally he had the letter done. It started out with Dear Mr. Hebert, and it ended up with a bad imitation of Mr. Lucas' signature, and in the middle it was dynamite. Bill bummed a three-cent stamp from Emory and tucked the envelope in the letter slot on the 11:22 fast mail, headed east.

Afterward he stood out on the

platform with his hands in his pockets and he was scared to death. About all he'd done, he guessed, was to turn his family out in the cold just when winter was beginning. The only trace left of the mail train was a mushroom of black smoke two miles down the line, and there wasn't any way on earth he could change his mind now. Right then he began hoping he'd got the address wrong and that it'd wind up in the Dead Letter Office; but there wasn't any chance of that, and he knew it. Emory Stevens had come out of the depot to stand beside him.

"Them streamliners sure cover a lot of ground," he said admiringly. "Be in New York day after tomorrow."

Bill just looked at him. The sun was shining but he felt cold inside. Figure three days each way for a letter and it meant he had a job for just about another week. Also he began to wonder how long a sentence they could give you for forgery.

IT BEGAN to look like the only mistake he had made was in underestimating the time. It had been four days since he had mailed the letter. Mr. Hebert was leaving for the east the next afternoon. Spanish brought the mail out from town that morning, and found Bill mending a set of harness down in the tack room.

"The boss wants to see you," Spanish said.

Bill's stomach turned over. Spanish was looking at him closely, but he had sense enough not to ask any questions. Bill draped the harness over a peg, and put his coat on before he went outside. There were two things he could do, he figured. He could pack up Molly and young William, and head for town and keep right on going. Or he could go up to the house and lay himself open to the hell-raising he had coming from Mr. Lucas. The first idea was the more appealing of the two, but he decided against it principally because whatever else Mr. Lucas might think about him he didn't want him to think he was running away. He squared his shoulders, and put his chest out, and started up the slope.

Mr. Lucas was sitting at his desk. He was propped up on his elbows reading and he didn't look up when Bill came in. That was a bad sign. Bill got his hat off and cleared his throat. "Spanish said you wanted to see me."

Mr. Lucas straightened up and leaned back in his chair. He was a

big, heavy-shouldered man, and right at the moment he wasn't pleased about something. He just looked at Bill for a long moment. Then he said, "The first thing I'm going to do is fire you for meddling in my business." Bill's heart sank. Mr. Lucas bit the end off a cigar and struck a match. "After that," he said, "I'm going out and shoot myself for not paying any attention to you. Read that."

It didn't make sense right away. Bill leaned over the desk and saw the heading on the yellow sheet: Western Union. That sort of prompt service had cut him out of three days pay, he figured. He went on reading. It was a brief and concise message, and it said in effect that Mr. Hebert had instructed his secretary three weeks before to inform Mr. Lucas that his trip west would be delayed for a month, that said secretary had been discharged the day following, and from the description given in the letter was without any reasonable doubt now in residence at Mr. Lucas' ranch availing himself of an opportunity to pick up a tidy piece of change under false pretenses. In view of those facts Mr. Hebert fervently hoped that Mr. Lucas had not entrusted this impostor with any money as to date. He also fervently hoped that the louse hadn't got away with his, Mr. Hebert's dog.

Bill's stomach got back to normal. It just went to show how you could figure things out if you put your mind to it. It was a short-lived satisfaction though. Mr. Lucas was looking at him deliberately. "I suppose you're the one who wrote the letter."

"Yessir," Bill said.

"Using my name."

"Yessir," Bill said. He added logically, "You wouldn't expect him to do anything if I signed my own."

"You're still fired," Mr. Lucas said, "but as a matter of record maybe you wouldn't mind explaining why you did it."

"No sir," Bill said. He twisted his hat around in his hands. When you said it out loud it didn't seem that he'd had much information to go on. "One thing," he said, "you'd think if a man shipped a dog three thousand miles to hunt birds he'd at least be able to shoot. . . . That guy couldn't hit a bull in the tail with a handful of switches."

"Go on."

Bill scratched his head. "The rest of it was the dog. He was still wait-

ing for somebody. I just figured maybe the right man hadn't come along yet."

Mr. Lucas said, "I see." He looked imploringly at the ceiling and his voice was bitter. "I'm forty-seven years old," he said, "and, by God, I never thought I'd live to see the day I'd get outsmarted by a Siwash Indian and a bird dog."

Bill's mouth twitched and Mr. Lucas glared at him. "That crook," he said, "had a personal check of mine for twenty thousand dollars, and twelve hours from now it would have been gone where the woodbine twineth."

"Yessir," Bill said.

Mr. Lucas leaned forward and shook a finger at him. "Boy," he said, "I don't mind telling you that if you'd been wrong I'd have personally chased you from here to Canada at a hard gallop. As it is I suppose I owe you something."

He bent over to fumble in the bottom drawer of the desk. Bill started to protest at the sight of the check book and Mr. Lucas roared at him. "I'll run my own darned affairs without any advice from you." He finished his writing and waved the check through the air to dry it. "There's only one stipulation I want to make. Give this money to that papoose of yours so he can go to college, and maybe he'll learn enough not to put his nose in other people's business."

Bill put the check in his pocket. He stopped at the door and turned around. "Am I still fired?"

Mr. Lucas let his breath out. "Just this once," he said, "I'm going to go against my better judgment and hire you back. Just this once. . . . Now get out of here."

Bill got out. Halfway home his curiosity got the better of him and he took the check out of his pocket. He read it over twice and it still said the same thing. Pay to the order of: William American Horse. . . . Five hundred dollars.

Bill started laughing suddenly, and he felt fine, and right then he started figuring again. Five hundred and twenty dollars in a year. Nine thousand, three hundred and sixty dollars when young William had seen eighteen summers, and you could buy a pretty fair first-hand education for that much dough. Of course he would have to find a phony Hebert for Mr. Lucas every year. He started walking again, and he was whistling when he came in sight of Mollie at the cabin door.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 36)

or. The party then proceeded to Station WCFL. The courtesy of the station was extended to the Grand Exalted Ruler who made a fifteen-minute recording which was broadcasted that evening at 7:45. The recording was made because it was necessary for the Grand Exalted Ruler to be present at the initiation of the Win the War Class at the same

time he was scheduled to go on the air.

Judge McClelland and the members of his party were escorted to the bungalow on top of the Morrison Hotel. There the Grand Exalted Ruler conferred with a large number of Elks from the Illinois Northeast District. Later at a meeting of the District, the fifty members of the Win the War Class were inducted in

a joint initiation into the various lodges. During the ceremonies, the stations were filled by officers from lodges of the District as follows: Exalted Ruler, Aurora Lodge No. 705; Esteemed Leading Knight, Blue Island Lodge No. 1331; Esteemed Loyal Knight, Oak Park Lodge No. 1295; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Elmhurst Lodge No. 1531; Es-

quire, Des Plaines Lodge No. 1526; Chaplain, Waukegan Lodge No. 702. At the conclusion of the initiation, the Victory Roundup Banquet was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler by Chicago Lodge in the Terrace Casino at the Morrison Hotel. The program was opened with the dramatic presentation of Colors by Chicago Board of Trade Post No. 304 of The American Legion, after which Judge Burke, presiding as Toastmaster, called upon the Right Reverend Monsignor Daniel J. Frawley for the Invocation. Judge Burke then introduced the Chairman of the Banquet Committee, Mr. Jacobson, and Co-Chairmen Arthur A. Olson, of Chicago (South), Lodge No. 1596, D.D. for Illinois, Northeast, Dr. O. E. Andres, Evanston, Vice-Pres. of the Northeast District, and Mr. McArdle. A delightful floor show was presented through the courtesy of Louis Nathan, a member of Chicago Lodge No. 4. Other prominent members of the Order who were seated at the speakers' table were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago; Grand Trustee Jo-

seph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind.; Bert A. Thompson, of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Lloyd Maxwell, of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Dr. C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; U. S. Senator C. Wayland Brooks, of Chicago Lodge No. 4, who spoke for the new members initiated in the Win the War Class; Edward J. Hughes, Secretary of the State of Illinois, and Est. Loyal Knight Ben Adamowski, Chairman of the Board of Trade Judge John J. Lupe and Joseph Gill, Chairman of the lodge's Rehabilitation Committee, all of Chicago Lodge No. 4. The Toastmaster introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd Thompson who joined in the welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the visiting Elks, and also Mayor Kelly who delivered an address of welcome. Judge McClelland, introduced by Judge Burke, delivered an inspiring address on the program of the Grand Lodge. At the conclusion of his speech, Judge Burke, on behalf of Chicago Lodge, presented him with a United States War Bond. After the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler conferred with

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Those Beloved Bums

(Continued from page 17)

had just about clinched the pennant and the bums couldn't possibly finish better or worse than second. That made no never mind to the parishioners at Ebbets Field. They rushed Magerkurth, and one public-spirited citizen, a Mr. Frankie Germano, pinned the umpire to the ground and proceeded to punch the villain's nose through his rear collar button.

The police, after allowing Mr. Germano a decent interval to incriminate himself fully, presently hauled the Brooklyn patriot to the clink. Five Dodger fans, who did not know the defendant or one another, offered to put up the necessary bail for Mr. Germano, but the gentleman couldn't have any. Seems he was at liberty on parole, and disturbing the peace sent him to the pokey for three months. When Mr. Germano was released, Umpire Magerkurth, the National League and the Brooklyn ball club, jolly well fed up with the whole thing, declined to press charges against him. Mr. Germano thereupon sued everyone in sight for false arrest.

The essence of the typical Dodger fan's philosophy is incorporated in the succinct and expressive word "bum" when used with the proper inflection. The whole world over, with the exception of Brooklyn, a bum is a—a bum, a worthless, lazy, no-account fellow who never amounted to anything and always will be more of the same. In Brooklyn a bum is one of nature's noblemen with understandable human weaknesses and foibles which endear him to the sympathetic populace.

Although the Dodger clients yearned for a pennant for twenty-one years and cheered wistfully for all comers who bore the remotest resemblance to a professional ball play-

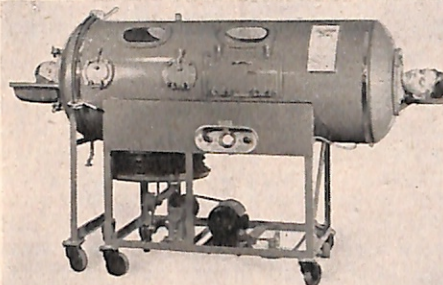
er, they never really did go overboard for the mechanical perfectionists. A star such as Lou Gehrig or Joe DiMaggio never would have been the Brooklyn people's choice. They were too good, too consistent in their excellence; they rarely made mistakes. Babe Herman, an amiable guy who fielded fly balls with his skull and doubled into triple plays, was a typical hero in the Brooklyn tradition and the clients still cherish him.

When the Dodgers bought Joe Medwick from the Cardinals for \$127,500 in 1940, it was believed that the customers would tear down the gates to get a load of the distinguished slugger. Medwick never has clicked in Brooklyn. His reputation was too good. Dixie Walker, who cost \$10,000 and had been discarded by three American League teams, has been raised to the status of a national issue by the devoted Dodger followers, who think he is wonderful and resent all opinions—including the management's—to the contrary. Walker had a glass arm, a bad knee and no reputation whatever when he went to Brooklyn. The customers were fond of him, sight unseen, and the affection blossomed into love at first sight when Walker got three hits in his first game against the hated Giants.

Perhaps the most tumultuous reception ever given a Dodger at Ebbets Field was accorded Gene Moore three years ago. Moore, new to the team, was supposed to be the saviour slugger of the Dodgers. The fellow thereupon proceeded to open the season with twenty-two consecutive hitless times at bat. With each successive failure the hysterical hollering of the nuts in the stands rose another decibel. A ball player in a slump is an object of sympathy and the

9 IRON LUNGS

On March 31st, Queensborough, N. Y. Lodge 878 presented a Drinker-Collins Iron Lung to each of its 9 Community hospitals.



This is the biggest single presentation of Iron Lungs ever made in the United States and makes Queens County the first in the country to be guaranteed full respirator protection for all of its hospitals.

Does your Community lack proper and adequate Life Conservation Equipment? Should an Iron Lung be presented to your Community or County Hospital—or to your Fire or Police Department?

Let us send you complete details and suggestions for a Campaign to obtain an Iron Lung, or other Life saving equipment, for your Community.

WARREN E. COLLINS, INC.

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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the August issue should reach us by June 15th.

Brooklyn bugs took pride in their forbearance with their man's classic futility. When Moore finally did get a cheap Texas League single on his twenty-third attempt, the nuts almost tore down the joint to demonstrate they had suffered heroically with the guy during his travail.

Mickey Owen might have cost the Dodgers the World Series last October when he muffed that historic third strike which would have tied the Series at two games-all. He was afraid to show up the following day, anticipating a welcoming committee lugging a stout section of rope. Yet when Owen stuck out his chagrined face, the neighbors broke out with one of the most spontaneous ovations a ball player ever received. Owens' blunder was catastrophic, but it was an unforgettably epic error and the constituents admired him for it.

Lefty O'Doul was a great popular favorite in Brooklyn a decade ago when he won the National League batting championship, but his hitting was not the reason for the adulation heaped upon him.

"They liked me because I had a lousy arm," O'Doul reveals. "I couldn't throw. I had a weakness, so they went for me."

The evidence would seem to suggest that Brooklyn fans are dandy sportsmen overflowing with the milk of human kindness, but it is a painful duty to report that the inhabitants of Ebbets Field have been known to throw the hooks into visiting and home athletes with vehement virtuosity surpassed nowhere on the North American continent. Several years ago they drove Lonny Frey out of Brooklyn with a vicious storm of abuse and boos which very nearly ruined the kid for all time. He happened to get off on the wrong foot with the Dodgers and the caustic clients proceeded to give him a series of violent pushes. Frey later turned up as the capable second baseman on two championship Cincinnati teams.

The burghers of Brooklyn like to fancy themselves as good, game guys who constitute the most loyal and longest suffering following in baseball. Like so many other aspects of the Brooklyn legend, this is pure bunk. Brooklyn is not the best baseball town in the country, as you have been led to believe. Brooklyn is a good ball town—and it should be. With a population of 2,660,479 in the Borough, the Dodgers command the largest potential audience in the major leagues, with the exception of Greater New York and Chicago. In addition to their immediate territory, the Dodgers can draw upon the nearby heavily populated Long Island area as well as the four other boroughs of New York City, yet until the pennant was won last year, the team never equalled the 1,166,012 paid admissions the Detroit Tigers drew in 1940 in a town with a million less population. When some of the worst teams of modern times were being foisted upon the public, the Brooklyn fans never were noted for their devotion to the common cause. They

regularly quit on the team after the Fourth of July and only the sure-fire feud with the Giants made the Club's attendance figures presentable.

Brooklyn never has come close to supporting the Dodgers after the fashion of Cincinnati's allegiance to the Reds. In 1939 and '40, when the Reds won pennants, they drew 900,000 clients, or approximately double the population of the town. If the Dodgers were to do as well proportionately—as good a yardstick as any—they would have to play to five million people a year. St. Louis is supposed to be a dying baseball town, but on a proportionate basis its attendance record is better than Brooklyn's. The Cardinals, forced to compete locally against the Browns—and don't forget Brooklyn is a one-team town—have one-third the potential audience the Dodgers can attract, yet they pull consistently more than a third the number of cash customers lured through the gates by the Dodgers in their peak years.

BROOKLYN'S fans enjoy a measure of notoriety throughout America because the New York press—located in the capital of the country's sports news—always has been a push-over for the eccentricities of the wacks and the screwball antics of the team, a welcome change of pace from the dead-pan, colorless efficiency of the Yankees and Giants across the river. A Brooklyn nut reads every line written about him and proceeds to bust a lung to make it stand up. The whole thing is a manifestation of a deeply-rooted inferiority complex.

That's right, we said inferiority complex, and we will repeat it with our last breath just before the indignation committee throws the rope over the nearest tree. You know what Brooklyn is. Brooklyn is the place that was created to save bad movies and radio shows from the fates they deserve. The hard-boiled dame, with a knowing leer in her voice, says she comes from Brooklyn and everybody rolls in the aisles with high pitched, hilarious shrieks.

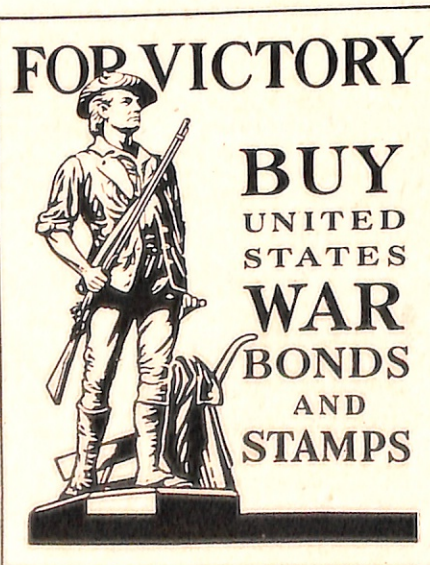
Actually, Brooklyn is a pretty drab, quiet town known in the travel catalogues as the City of Churches, but all the inhabitants are supposed to be quixotic characters who speak a quaint admixture of English out of the side of their mouths. The citizens know the reputation is their greatest distinction so they try to live up to it while rooting for the Dodgers, the only commodity which gives them national identity.

In all other activities but baseball, Brooklyn merely is a part of New York City. Until the 1890's, Brooklyn was a separate municipality and secessionist sentiment still is strong. The native Brooklynite is jealous of New York's wealth, prestige and dominance. He feels like a poor relation hanging around the back door for a handout and he dreams of the day he can make snooty Manhattanites eat crow. The only way he can accomplish this, without tearing down Greater New York, is by rooting ardently for his adored bums, the Dodgers, to knock the daylights out of the Giants and Yankees who are symbolical of New York's power.

This attitude is expressive of the entire country's feelings toward New York. On the wall of shrewd Mr. Larry MacPhail's office, there is a trick map supposed to represent a New Yorker's concept of the United States. It shows the town limits extending to the approximate position occupied by Denver. When a New Yorker travels, he feels he is camping out and does not hesitate to say so. The rest of the country resents New York's arrogant assumption of superiority and is all in favor of anyone who takes a fall out of the expurgated, no-good swell heads.

The Dodgers, needled by MacPhail, are bold, brash and boisterous and have taken the play away from the Yankees and Giants in recent years. That is why they are the most popular ball club in the country. Last year a radio network planning to broadcast one major-league ball game a day polled the Pacific Coast to ascertain which game the audience wanted to hear. The Dodgers received 59 percent of the votes; the remainder was divided among the fifteen other teams. Since MacPhail launched his regime, the Dodgers have received twice as much space in national magazines and in press association stories as the Yankees and Giants combined. This accounts for no small part of the alleged paper shortage.

For twenty-one years, Dodger fans suffered extensively and were exposed to raucous ridicule, while the Yankees were winning eleven pennants and the Giants seven. New York dominated baseball and the rest of the country was itching to give the Big Town its comeuppance. Now it is possible through the agency of the Dodgers, who have breathed new life and hope into the old, monotonous picture. This all sounds very wonderful and it probably is, if you don't have to live with bums and their retinue.



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Kearney, Neb., Lodge Presents A Candidate for the Office of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight

Kearney, Neb., Lodge, No. 984, announces that at the Grand Lodge Convention in Omaha next month it will present Past Exalted Ruler Fred R. Dickson, Superintendent of State Industrial School for Boys at Kearney, as its candidate for election to the office of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. In a resolution to that effect, passed by the lodge on April 6, Mr. Dickson's exceptional qualifications were described and his many valuable services during the more than 20 years of his continuous membership were enumerated.

With devotion and distinction Mr. Dickson has served his lodge in the chair offices and as Trustee for more than ten years. He was District Deputy for Nebraska, West, in 1936-37 and President of the Nebraska State Elks Association in 1940-41. At present he heads the Nebraska Past Exalted Rulers Association of which he is President. He has also served splendidly as a member of the State Crippled Children Committee.

Mr. Dickson is a member of the Grand Lodge, having attended a total of six Grand Lodge sessions including the last three. He has served as a member of various Grand Lodge Committees and has a wide acquaintance among Elks of all States.

Butte, Mont., Lodge Presents A Candidate for the Office of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight

Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, announces that at the forthcoming session of the Grand Lodge at Omaha, Nebraska, it will present Past District Deputy Frank R. Venable as its candidate for election to the office of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight. Mr. Venable has been an active member of the Order for 34 years. He is a present member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

Mr. Venable served as Exalted Ruler of Wallace, Ida., Lodge, No. 331, in 1918. He joined Butte Lodge by dimit in 1936. Serving in 1919-20, he was the last District Deputy of the entire State of Idaho, prior to the division of the State into two districts. For more than twelve years he has devoted his efforts and a great deal of his time to crippled children work. He has served on many important committees of the Montana State Elks Association and is now completing a successful administration as President of the Association. Mr. Venable is known throughout the State as an eloquent and sincere speaker.

In submitting his candidacy, Butte Lodge feels that in Mr. Venable it is endorsing an Elk worthy in every respect of the honor of filling the high office for which his services are offered.

Successful Drive for War Fund Is Sponsored by Greybull, Wyo., Elks

A Red Cross drive for the emergency war fund, sponsored by members of Greybull, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1431, went over the top by a wide margin. The \$700 quota set for the Greybull territory was soon passed and collections continued to mount as the drive went on. The Reverend Father Leo B. Morgan, a member of No. 1431, served as Chairman.

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THE ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION

As a clause that deserves a place in your will, we suggest the following:—

"I give and bequeath the sum of Dollars to the Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation duly established and existing under the laws of the District of Columbia."

The Elks National Foundation is one of the outstanding agencies for good work in our Order. At the time of the Foundation's last annual report, its principal fund stood at \$600,000. Not one penny of this principal can ever be touched. Only the income on the principal can be spent. In the last eight years, the Foundation has expended income totaling \$130,000.

Not one penny of the Foundation's earned income can ever be spent for overhead expenses,—these are borne by the Grand Lodge. ALL of its annual income goes for Scholarships to worthy students, for care of the sick, for healing crippled kiddies, and for other good works.

A bequest to the Foundation is a bequest for permanent, deserving charity.

State Officers Are Special Dinner Guests of Marinette, Wis., Lodge

Officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Association were guests of Marinette Lodge No. 1313 on April 1 at a special six-thirty dinner followed by an initiatory meeting at which John Fillinger, son of State Pres. Dr. C. O. Fillinger, of Marinette Lodge, was made a member of the Order. Conducting the ceremonies, in deference to Dr. Fillinger, were the following State officials: Past Pres. Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Vice-Pres.'s Thomas F. Milane, Milwaukee, Ray J. Fink, Menasha, and A. W. Parnell, Appleton, Trustee John Kettenhofen, Green Bay, and Past Pres. Frank T. Lynde, Antigo.

The dinner was attended by approximately 100 persons, including State Secy. Lou Uecker, of Two Rivers Lodge, and D.D. A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers, who installed the new Marinette officers, headed by E.R. T. L. Christensen. Brief addresses were made by all of the State officers.

Herrin, Ill., Lodge Presents Wheel Chairs to Local Hospital

Four wheel chairs have been presented by Herrin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1146, to the Herrin Hospital for the use of patients on the large sun porch of the recently completed new addition to the hospital. The gift was made in appreciation of Dr. Frank Murrah's years of service as a member of the Crippled Children Committee of Herrin Lodge of which he is a Past Exalted Ruler.

Formal presentation of the chairs to Dr. Murrah was made by E.R. Myrell Griffin, Secy. E. E. Willis and P.E.R. D. L. Bradshaw, D.D. for Illinois, South. The donation is an example of the thoughtfulness which characterizes the lodge's Social and Community Welfare Work.

Westwood, N. J., Lodge Donates Entertainment Proceeds to USO

More than 225 persons attended an entertainment and dance held in the home of Westwood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1562, for the benefit of the USO. An aggressive Elks' committee, headed by Est. Lead. Knight Harry Randall, received the wholehearted support of the community. The entire proceeds, amounting to \$376, were turned over to Ernest L. Chase, of the USO, by E.R. George B. Metz. Drawings for War Bonds enlivened the evening.

Veteran organizations participated in the ceremonies and the uniforms of members of various branches of the U. S. armed forces who were present gave the affair a military atmosphere. Refreshments were served.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge Initiates A Class of Sixty-Four New Members

A class of 64 candidates, one of the largest in its history, was initiated recently by Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, No. 660. E.R. William J. Keating presided. Patriotic speeches were made by Lester C. Hunt, Secretary of State, and Colonel Tim McCoy. A floor show was presented after the meeting and supper was served.

The membership of Cheyenne Lodge has increased steadily and consistently during the past six years. The retiring officers left the new 1942-43 officers with some 50 applications already in and acted upon. The lodge will send a large delegation, headed by P.E.R.'s Craig Lewis and Edward Kopp, Jr., both of

whom are State officers, to the Convention of the Wyoming State Elks Association, which will be held at Cody on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6.

Camden, N. J., Lodge Initiates State Senators in Special Class

Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, initiated a Win the War Class at a regular meeting on March 25. Three State Senators, Robert C. Hendrickson, Bruce A. Wallace and I. Grant Scott were members of the class.

The lodge officers officiated, performing the ritualistic work with laudable efficiency. Among the prominent New Jersey Elks in attendance were Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, D.D. James A. MacMillan, Camden, John F. McHugh, Burlington, Vice-Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and P.E.R.'s Frank M. Travaline, Jr., P.D.D., and Roy R. Stewart, Camden. Also present were U. S. Congressman Charles A. Wolvertson, Mayor George E. Brunner, City Commissioner David S. Rhone, Freeholder Edward J. Quinlan and Major General Winfield S. Price.

Tragic Death of P.E.R. Herbert Brings Sorrow to Lansford Lodge

Herbert Herbert, Exalted Ruler last year of Lansford, Pa., Lodge, No. 1337, lost his life on April 28 in a mine tragedy, one of the most appalling in the history of the anthracite industry. Mr. Herbert and three others accidentally blasted their way into a burning section of the mine and all were fatally injured. No previous knowledge of the fire existed. Having fired dynamite in the customary manner to dislodge coal from a vein, the men stood at their posts for fifteen minutes, then entered the chute. The blast had dislodged the face of the workings, releasing a wave of scorching heat so intense that injuries inflicted immediately upon all of the men caused their deaths within a short time.

As Exalted Ruler of Lansford Lodge, Mr. Herbert launched and managed with great success a campaign to improve and beautify the lodge home, which is now regarded by the members as a monument to his personal efforts. It is one of the most attractive in the State.

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge Initiates Large Class at District Meeting

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, staged the greatest initiation in its history on March 27 when the Win the War Class of 51 candidates from the 15 lodges of the Illinois, South, District was inducted into the Order in the presence of a number of distinguished Illinois Elks. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis Lodge, Special Deputy A. W. Jeffreys and D.D. Dolph L. Bradshaw, Herrin, Frank P. White, Oak Park, Executive Secretary of the State Elks Crippled Children Commission, C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., State Vice-Pres. E. R. Fichtel, Carbondale, P.D.D. Walter H. Moreland, Jr., Metropolis, and P.D.D. Captain C. Ray Moore, of Harrisburg Lodge, who journeyed from Camp Grant Rockford where he was stationed.

The initiatory ceremonies were performed by the new officers of Harrisburg Lodge with an efficiency all the more noteworthy because of the size of the class. E.R. H. J. Raley presided.

A delightful "Gingham Swing" was given by No. 1058 recently in keeping with a custom adopted two years ago of

periodically inviting teen-age boys and girls to a dance in the Elks' ballroom. The lodge provides an orchestra and chaperonage. All of the members may invite their young friends under twenty years of age. The young couples came dressed in their school clothes. Apparently every invitation was accepted. On the following evening, the ballroom was again crowded with dancers. This time the affair was an interlodge dance given by Harrisburg Lodge for Elks of the southern Illinois district and their ladies.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge Gives a Dinner for Air Corps Applicants

Nineteen aspirants for admission to the U. S. Air Corps, whose preparation for examinations for application was sponsored by Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, were given a send-off dinner at the lodge home early in April. Captain William Hunt of West Point and County Judge John A. McKenna, introduced by Toastmaster Vincent Jasinski, Chairman of the Elks' "Keep 'Em Flying" Committee, were the principal speakers.

P.D.D. Clarence J. Seaton delivered the Ritual of the Flag and presented each of the young men with a silk American flag. E.R. Louis J. Lynch, a World War veteran, Frederick Braun, the incoming Exalted Ruler, Secy. Edward Spiegel and the members of the "Keep 'Em Flying" Committee spoke briefly. Herman Krucker, representing the class, thanked the Elks for their sponsorship and for the farewell dinner. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by P.E.R. Thomas Shankey.

Tiffin, Ohio, Elks Burn Mortgage; Entertain Tournament Bowlers

The mortgage on the home of Tiffin, O., Lodge, No. 94, was burned at a recent meeting. The ceremonies were witnessed by 150 members of the lodge. Senior P.E.R. Charles I. Burtner and George W. Smith, the oldest members present, officiated. Mr. Smith gave a résumé of the lodge's history and a class of candidates was initiated. A turkey dinner preceded the meeting.

Tiffin Lodge was host to several hundred Elks and their ladies who came from all parts of Ohio to participate in the Elks State Bowling Tournament. Dewey Dutoit, Pres. of the O. Elks Bowling Assn., and Charles J. Schmidt, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., are members of Tiffin Lodge. The tournament was held over six consecutive weekends, ending on March 1. Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, will entertain the bowlers during the 1943 State Tournament.

Huntington, W. Va., Elks Render Fine Service as Blood Donors

At a recent meeting of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge, No. 313, Past Exalted Ruler Corydon W. Bloss, Chairman of the Elks Blood Donors Committee, reported that 126 members of the lodge registered as donors during the past year. Six of the donors are now in the U.S. armed forces. They will be replaced by six others selected from a group of eighteen who have submitted to blood tests for typing.

Sixty-nine transfusions were given during the year, two in emergency cases, 27 to members of the lodge and 40 administered in charity cases. Based on professional fees, free donations amounted to considerably more than \$1,000, a contribution to charity supplementing the Social and Community Welfare Committee's cash expenditure of \$5,342.36.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 13)

familiar territory, consulted every available source of information. What we wanted to know was what that Crown Colony's trout, salmon and grilse preferred on the end of a tapered leader.

When final returns were in, the consensus definitely indicated small wet salmon flies, and several dozens of these dainty lures, in approved patterns, were purchased. At better than \$12 per doz.

Unfortunately, however, it developed that small wet flies were exactly what Newfoundland's fish didn't want—at least while this pilgrim was a visitor on that island. What the trout craved with almost vulgar passion were two-inch streamers in gaudy patterns, and six-inch live smelt. And the salmon and grilse had a positive yen for large fuzzy floaters, fashioned of bucktail, bluish hackles and Angora wool, tied on No. 4 and 6 hooks.

We still have the pretty wet flies—about 100 bucks' worth—neatly embalmed in naphtha flakes.

Then there was the episode of the sure-fire fly dope. Some helpful individual sent us a case of the stuff for a tryout and several tests proved it the McCoy. It was—and still is—the gem of fly dopes; a 100 percent effective bug repellent. It also has other surprising qualities, which presently will be disclosed.

About that time, several friends were pushing off on a serious fishing trip and one of them requested fly dope advice.

"Friend," we answered, "I have the answer to the northern trout's prayer. Really effective fly dope. Here, take several bottles and split 'em up with the other boys. Just rub some of the stuff on your puss and hands and forget the black flies and mosquitoes. They won't touch you. Renew it every hour or so. You won't need a head net at all."

Sad to relate, this big-hearted gesture back-fired and almost cost four beautiful friendships. For although the stuff was wonderful fly dope, it also proved one of the most efficient varnish and enamel removers ever developed by chemical science. Or so our friends reported. What it did to their expensive lines and rods was a caution. And what the four outraged fishermen called this helpful innocent was a caution, too. The heck with helpful hints to the fishlorn. Too many headaches!

BEING a close student of all phases of rod and gun daffiness and ever eager to ascertain how other screwballs get that way, we recently undertook a study of the super-pure fly fishermen.

These lads, as almost everyone knows, are piscatorial Brahmins engulfed by a horde of worm-dunking Untouchables. They glorify the empty

creel; fish with fanwings when the natives still are running around on snowshoes; go in heavily for midge-size flies and ultra long leaders tapering to 4X or finer, and are known to be nauseated by the odor of frying trout.

Given their choice, these strange individuals will pass up an opportunity to fish a wilderness stream for the dubious delights of whipping a tincan-studded brook, where, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, no trout have been taken within the past 50 years.

"What is the fascination of troutless trout fishing?" we asked one of this cult's higher priests awhile back. "What kick is there coming home skunked all the time?"

"Any dope," he replied, "can take hungry trout on a backwoods stream, but it takes real skill to fool 'em on heavily fished water. Me? I'd rather catch one trout on a fanwing within sight of town than a barrel of 'em 'way back in the woods."

We mulled that reply over but somehow it didn't make sense.

"One of us must be nuts," we countered, "but which of us it is I am unprepared to say. But I do have my suspicions."

When a final decision is reached, a report will be forthcoming.

READERS of rod and gun columns these days must find themselves confused when they read about "silvery leapers", "finny torpedoes" and "oceanic gladiators". Not so long ago the boys merely wrote tarpon, tuna and swordfish and let it go at that. But that's all changed now. The outdoor reporting talent has yanked out all stops for sound effect and color.

Realizing a lot of rod and gun column customers must be floundering around in the dark as a result of this trend, your correspondent has decided to throw a little light on the subject by supplying a short glossary. So clip what follows, paste it in your skimmer, and there should be no further confusion:—

Nationally-known big fish guide: Any graduated clamdigger who boasts a 26-foot seaskiff, two boat rods and a gold-braided cap.

Anglers' paradise: Any camp where the fish were biting last week, and where they'll bite again immediately following your departure.

Public shooting ground: So called because it's where the public gets shot, there being nothing else to shoot in such places.

A heavy stocking program: Usually two cans of fish, dumped in a five-mile creek fished by 476 anglers.

Big fish angler: Any salt water fisherman who has caught a 40-pound tuna.

Internationally-known big fish angler: Any salt water fisherman who

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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has caught two 40-pound tunas. (After the third fish they're experts and start writing books.)

Posted water: The place where the good fishing is supposed to be, but frequently isn't.

Bullet: A word often confused with "cartridge" by non-shooters. Actually, a conical bit of cupronickel and lead, or lead, that surgeons are forever digging out of innocent bystanders, both living and otherwise.

Crack skeet shot: The perennial optimist who, after breaking his first 25 straight, imagines he's headed, full speed, for the national championship and other high attainments.

Sod poodle: Another name for a cat-sized rodent, generally known as the woodchuck or groundhog. These animals are hunted by farm kids armed with mail order .22s, gents with expensive rifles, and stray dogs. Usually the dogs make out best.

Well-known conservationist and sportsman: The unknown who makes those after-dinner speeches at sportsmen's clubs during the beefsteak supper and bingo season.

Light tackle: This description, like the frosting on a bride's cake, often covers a multitude of sins. Usually

a 12/0 reel and 39-thread line attached to a billiard cue. Men have been hung with less weighty gear.

Outstanding taxidermist: Not to be confused with a taxi driver. The latter skins its prey before death; the taxidermist, after.

Automatic revolver: Actually, one of the rarest of weapons, but often found between the pages of pulp magazines and mystery stories.

All this Spring fishing recalls an opening day incident out on the West Coast several years ago following a winter of serious steelhead angling.

A fishing partner dropped around early in the morning and suggested we go out and "catch ourselves a mess of eatin' trout". We'd both been getting our full quota of steelheads and craved a change of pace.

A large pool, the usual haunt of several 12 to 15-inch cutthroat trout, was the scene of our first endeavor. Dirty water conditions precluded the use of flies, so baits went in and almost instantly the partner got a vicious strike. A second later a big steelhead cleared the surface in a wild leap.

"Heck," he exclaimed, "another of them things!" And with that he low-

ered his rod tip, broke the leader with a quick jerk and reeled in.

"I hope," he added, "there ain't more of them things in this crick. What I want is a mess of pan-sized trout—with bacon."

His second cast produced another sharp strike and a second frantically leaping steelhead. This fish, perhaps a 10-pounder, flashed into the air in a succession of fast jumps and then whirled downstream in a headlong surge.

"Guess it's time to break that gentleman off afore he cleans me," commented Lady Luck's golden-haired boy. And again he popped his leader, with appropriate comments, and set about repairing his terminal tackle.

"Crick must be lousy with 'em," he muttered. "Late run, I guess."

When his third cast hooked another steelhead, the largest of the three, he snorted in disgust, broke his leader anew, reeled in and unjointed his rod.

"Come on," he urged, gathering together his gear. "Let's get the hell away from here and push on up to Cook Creek where we can catch some decent-sized fish. Damned if I'm not sick and tired of being mauled around by these measly 10-pounders!"

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 16)

thing else; he visualizes a stronger executive, government control of banking, unemployment, credit, deficit spending; control of foreign trade by bilateral agreements and barter deals, managed currencies. He says there is "not much taking over of property or industries in the old socialist sense; the formula appears to be control without ownership". This may be inevitable, but unless the controlling body, in this case the Government, makes it possible for the owner to get more than headaches out of administration of the property or industry, the Government will find them landing in its lap. (Twentieth Century Fund, \$1)

Business men should be interested in the terms of the industrial democracy planned by the leaders of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, or SWOC. You will find them explained in "The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy", by Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Ruttenberg. (Harper, \$3). I think every industrial leader should know and understand the thirty-seven principles of labor-management relations proposed by the authors. Then he will know what SWOC, and its allied unions, are driving toward. Writing as labor partisans, the authors say that "the formula for democratic control of a national planning effort should include the participation of organized labor as co-equal with management, with the Government acting as arbiter between these two

relatively independent groups in a free society". They also demand the union, or closed shop in all industry. Russell W. Davenport, who writes an introduction to the book, welcoming the new era that they outline, dissents, however, with the idea of the closed shop. He fears that it will endanger the existence of democracy.

As for planning the international situation, try reading "America's Strategy in World Politics: the United States and the Balance of Power", by Nicholas John Spykman, who is Sterling professor of international relations at Yale. (Harcourt, \$3.75). There is no idealism in this either. Prof. Spykman not only sees us straining every nerve to win the war, but he says we will have to keep in international politics up to our necks. A new balance of power will have to be constructed by us. Of interest to Americans is his analysis of Japan as the Great Britain of the Orient. He sees Japan necessary for us in order to offset a preponderant Russia in Asia or a huge, powerful China, just as Great Britain must protect us from a huge, powerful continent in Europe. There is little about the Golden Rule or the Atlantic charter in Prof. Spykman's analysis, but there is a lot of practical, realistic comment. Read it, and I'll guarantee it will make your head swim.

The endless supply of detective stories and murder mysteries makes

me wonder, at times, how soon we will grow tired of them. I hear from fans that few are superior in quality. It is the appetite for these stories that is meant to be served in "The Midnight Reader", an anthology of ghost and horror stories, edited by Philip van Doren Stern. (Holt, \$2.75). Some famous stories are included. If you saw, in the movies, that extraordinary interpretation of Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart", you will find the story here. In the film version it was excellent, and the thumping of a human heart, continuing through the film, was highly dramatic. Here, also, are old favorites and new tales: "Tarnhelm", by Hugh Walpole; "The Willows", by Algernon Blackwood; "The Mark of the Beast" by Rudyard Kipling; "Afterward", by Edith Wharton; "Full Fathom Five", by Alexander Woolcott; "The Turn of the Screw" by Henry James, and others. . . .

Other recent thrillers include "Knife in the Dark", by G. H. D. and Margaret Cole, which deals with the mystery of a hysterical wife of a university professor who is stabbed at her own party, (Macmillan, \$2); "The Man Who Changed His Plea", a new one by E. Phillips Oppenheim, which deals with an unsolved London murder case reopened, and "Deadline for Destruction", by Charles L. Leonard, in which a tough private detective takes a job for the Army Intelligence and gets into exciting situations. (Crime Club, \$2).

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 12)

IN THE COUNTRY of the not so very honorable Japanese, a training school for dogs for war has been operated since 1933. I wonder how many they've trained to be diplomats?

ENGLAND SAYS "NIX" on dogs in public air raid shelters and then, in London alone, maintains 240 ambulances in addition to special animal shelters and canteens for them and other animals. Over there it's part of the day's routine for hundreds of volunteer vets to hunt for, rescue and treat animals trapped in destroyed buildings. . . . SNIFFY, wise little fox terrier belonging to Private Denny Morrison of Vancouver, B. C., who is now serving with the Seaforth Highlanders on John Bull's tight little isle, always recognizes a letter from his master. He singles it out from the rest of the family's mail and it is reported that they have one heck of a time getting it away from him.

IT TAKES MORE THAN A WAR to cause some people to forget to be gracious. Another story comes from England which tells of some Canadian soldiers who worked like day laborers to clear ground for camp use and in doing so uncovered a weather-worn slab bearing these words—"Goodbye. May he who shall next own my garden spare this tiny stone". It was a grave-marker for twelve dogs. The boys replaced the stone, finished clearing the patch of ground and planted flowers upon it. . . . ONE OF THE FEW DOGS to have an official monument erected in his honor was Grayfriars Bobby, hero of the story of that name, who for fourteen years guarded his master's grave in Edinburgh, Scotland. Among the many who contributed toward its erection was the late Queen Victoria. It still stands in that city, an enduring tribute to devotion.

I NOTE on a receipt issued by the American Railway Express for a dog that I shipped a while ago that the company automatically insures Fido for \$50 in transit. For some God-knows-why reason it classes the pooch with burros and ostriches. If you ship your elephant and it loses its life you get \$250. . . . IN 1932, Newfoundland honored dogs of that breed-name by an issue of postage stamps bearing a picture of one. . . . TWO NOVEL LEASHES are now on the market—one, I mentioned in these pages before—a rubber contraption that stretches. I recommend it particularly for the dog that pulls too hard, especially if it's the lady of the house who takes him for his promenades. The second is more of a training lead; it's electric. When Fido lunges he gets a slight electric shock, the power coming from small

batteries. It is harmless and said to be not at all cruel, as the sting is slight. Its effectiveness is largely in that electricity is always a mysterious puzzle to dogs. A dog "sees" a slap and understands the source, but not so an electric shock. This ought to be particularly good to train large, powerful pooches. The leash is recommended as an effective way to teach dogs to avoid automobiles and to obey certain necessary commands. . . . IF YOU OWN one of those floppy-eared spaniels whose listeners just will droop into its food dish, there's a New York City jeweler who'll sell you a pair of gold ear clasps that will fasten Fido's ears over his head when he eats. But this is for the Croesus who can spread his shekels around. If I had a purp like that I'd just buy me one of those pyramidal dishes, broad at the bottom and narrow at top, which can be had at any well-stocked five-and-dime store. . . . AMONG THINGS WE NEVER KNEW until now is that there's a patron saint for dogs. It is St. Roch. . . . IF YOU ARE THINKING of buying a dog for racing, be prepared to lay \$1,000 on the table. Just as with the geegees, speed and quality bring premium prices.

DID YOU EVER HEAR of the Tail-waggers? It's a bona fide dog club in which the dogs are the members. Located in Los Angeles, it has an enormous country-wide membership and does a lot of splendid work for dogs. . . . YOU'VE READ about this and that human movie star being awarded a trophy for the year's best performance, but did you know that a committee is also appointed to name the best canine performer? . . . ON THE LITTLE ISLAND OF SARK, located in the English Channel, all female dogs are barred except that which is owned by the Seigneur, its ruler. The edict springs from the incident of a lady dog—or was she that?—having bitten a child hundreds of years ago. . . . EVERY RACE, and that means all people who have ever come in contact with dogs, has at one time or other accumulated rankiboo notions about them. This goes for the most civilized too. But with the savage they go to the wildest extremes. For example, the Creek Indians of Alabama believed that an eclipse was caused by a large dog trying to destroy the sun. . . . WITCHCRAFT AND DOGS hardly go together, yet back in the days when witch hunting was a popular pastime it wasn't always safe to be too fond of your dog. Many of the Bluenoses held a fixed belief that dogs and other small animals played around with spooks, some of the dogs being nothing more or less than witches in disguise. Hence the sins of the dog were often visited on its master.

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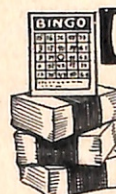
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Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 49)

officers and the members of the district lodges.

Arriving at the Memphis airport on the afternoon of March 11, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland was met by D.D. W. P. Moss, E.R. E. J. Nunn and Judge Hugh C. Anderson, all of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge No. 192, and members of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 1612, including E.R. Ambrose S. Arnold, Secy. Ed. Manigan, Lee Caro and Henry Beaudoin. After a brief reception and a conference with the officers and members of Memphis Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken by automobile to Jackson, accompanied by a delegation of Jackson Elks, to participate in the lodge's Golden Anniversary Celebration. At the beautiful and spacious home of Jackson Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted warmly by the members and officers. At six p.m. a delightful barbecue was served in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, and at 7:30 a meeting in the lodge room was called to order by E.R. E. J. Nunn. The meeting was opened by the singing of "America" after which Mr. Nunn led the members and guests in giving the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. The Invocation was given by Chaplain A. Van Thompson and the address of welcome was made by the Exalted Ruler. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an impressive message to the assembled Elks. At the conclusion of his patriotic and inspiring speech, he was presented with a check for \$750 as a contribution by Jackson Lodge to the Elks War Fund. Other distinguished Elks who spoke briefly were Grand Inner Guard Hugh W. Hicks, of Jackson Lodge, Past Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine, of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, and Judge Hugh Anderson, of the Criminal Court of Appeals of Tennessee. A large delegation from Trenton, Tenn., Lodge, No. 1279, attended. On the following morning a breakfast was given for the Grand Exalted Ruler by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Jackson Lodge, and Judge McClelland was presented with two smoked hams of the famous Tennessee variety.

In company with Special Deputy Roderrick M. McDuffie, of East Point Lodge No. 1617, the Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Cordele, Ga., Lodge, No. 1647, for the initiation of the lodge's Win the War Class and the dedication of its new home. Cordele Lodge was instituted during the early part of Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland's administration and organized by Special Deputy McDuffie. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. McDuffie traveled by automobile to Cordele and were met on the outskirts of the city by a large delegation headed by Dr. J. F. Burke, Exalted Ruler of No. 1647, Judge O. T. Gower, of the Superior Court, C. B. Wilkes, City Manager, and the officers of Fitzgerald Lodge headed by E.R. C. M. Henderson and P.E.R. Dr. Will S. Haile. The motorcade proceeded to the beautiful new home of Cordele Lodge where a reception was held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The dedication ceremonies took place in the lodge room. The meeting was presided over by the Exalted Ruler, Dr. Burke. Judge McClelland delivered an address at the dedicatory service. Judge Gower and Mr. Wilkes welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler and the visitors on this happy occasion. After the dedication a delicious Southern barbecue was given at the City Auditorium

after which a meeting of Cordele Lodge was held and a large number of candidates was initiated in the Win the War Class, the Ritual being exemplified by the crack team from Fitzgerald Lodge No. 1036.

On Thursday evening, March 19, Judge McClelland visited Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, to witness the initiation of fifty candidates in the Win the War Class. At the conclusion of the ceremonies he was welcomed to his home lodge by E.R. Wellborn R. Ellis and his service in the interests of No. 78 over a long period was recounted. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to the three hundred members assembled and the newly initiated Win the War Class, and presented the lodge with a framed copy of the acknowledgment that the Grand Exalted Ruler later mailed to all lodges initiating Win the War classes, this being the first copy ever given to a lodge.

On Saturday, March 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in company with Grand Secretary Masters, John F. Nugent, of Braddock Lodge, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, arrived in Beaver Falls, Pa., to attend the twelfth annual roundup of the Northwest District of the Pennsylvania Elks Association. After being escorted to their quarters in the Brodhead Hotel, and conferring with many Elks of the District, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were escorted by E.R. E. M. Gahles to the beautiful home of Beaver Falls Lodge No. 348 where a reception was held. At 6:30 p.m. a banquet was given at the Brodhead by the Northwest District in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit. After Father Casey had given the Invocation, L. Bruce Myers, of Ellwood City Lodge No. 1356, Pres. of the N. W. District Assn., led the 500 guests in the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Dr. Gahles then introduced the Toastmaster, P.E.R. James P. Walsh, of Woodlawn Lodge No. 1221, Chairman of the Roundup Committee. Mr. Walsh presented Mayor Dennis Mutscheller who welcomed the visiting delegations to the city, and then introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered a stirring and instructive address at the conclusion of which Past State Pres. James G. Bohlender, of Franklin Lodge No. 110, presented a United States War Bond to the Grand Exalted Ruler on behalf of the Northwest District Association. Many leading Elks of Pennsylvania were present at the meeting. Among those at the head tables who were introduced by the Toastmaster were D.D.'s Clark H. Buell, New Castle, Ross S. Wilson, Braddock, and Herman A. Earley, Harrisburg, Wilbur G. Warner, Lehighton, Pres., C. S. Brown, Allegheny, Treas., and W. C. Kipp, Apollo, Trustee, of the Pa. State Elks Assn., Mr. Myers, Mr. Nugent and Mr. Bohlender. Later at the lodge home, the Win the War Class of 150 candidates was inducted into the Order for the seventeen lodges of the Northwest District. Before a gathering of some six hundred Elks, the ritualistic team of the District performed the ceremonies impressively. The gavel was then returned to the Exalted Ruler. Dr. Gahles introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who complimented the Pennsylvania Northwest District for its progress and adherence to the principles of the Order. This district has led

all other districts in the United States in membership gain over a period of five years. He also thanked the district for its fine support of his program, for the purchase of United States War Bonds and for support of the "Keep 'Em Flying" program.

On Sunday, March 22, Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters and Mr. Schrader, as guests of Mr. Nugent, were escorted by automobile from Pittsburgh to Williamsport over 80 miles of the new scenic Dream Highway. En route they stopped at the beautiful home of Tyrone Lodge No. 212 where they received an enthusiastic welcome. E.R. J. Fred Bangert and Past State Pres.'s Max L. Lindheimer and Howard R. Davis, former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, all of Williamsport Lodge No. 173, were present. The party was formally received and entertained by the members assembled, among whom were E.R. Harold E. Robison and P.D.D. Stephen A. Marthouse.

Upon their arrival in Williamsport, members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's party were escorted to their hotel where they were guests of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Williamsport Lodge at a dinner on Sunday evening. On the following morning, Judge McClelland and a party which included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, Thomas Z. Minehart, Chambersburg, Trustee of the Pa. State Elks Assn., Earl Pitzer, Gettysburg, Pres. of the Pa. S. Cent. District, Mr. Masters, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Schrader, Mr. Lindheimer, Mr. Bangert and Mr. Deatruck of Gettysburg Lodge, were escorted by Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis to the Williamsport High School where Mr. Davis introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler to the students gathered at chapel. The Grand Exalted Ruler made a short talk on Americanism after which the party was escorted by Mr. Davis to the Vocational School of the City of Williamsport for the rehabilitation of handicapped young people, a project sponsored by the Williamsport Lodge of Elks. The visitors were taken on a tour of inspection, being greatly impressed by the many interesting facilities by means of which handicapped boys and girls, and in some instances grown men and women, are being trained in war work. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests of Mr. Lindheimer later at the Wheel Club. At seven p.m., Williamsport Lodge gave a banquet and dance in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, attended by some 600 local members, visitors from surrounding lodges, and their ladies. Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis was Toastmaster at the banquet and Mayor Leo Williamson gave the address of welcome. Judge Sam Humes and Judge Larabee were introduced by Mr. Davis and both welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler to Williamsport. The Toastmaster then introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who spoke on the Grand Lodge program and the activities of the Elks War Commission. As a token of the appreciation and esteem of Williamsport Lodge, Exalted Ruler Bangert presented Judge McClelland with a United States War Bond. The meeting was also addressed by Grand Secretary Masters, State President Warner and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow. Music provided by the Elks Defense Band was a feature of the program which was concluded with a dance.

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